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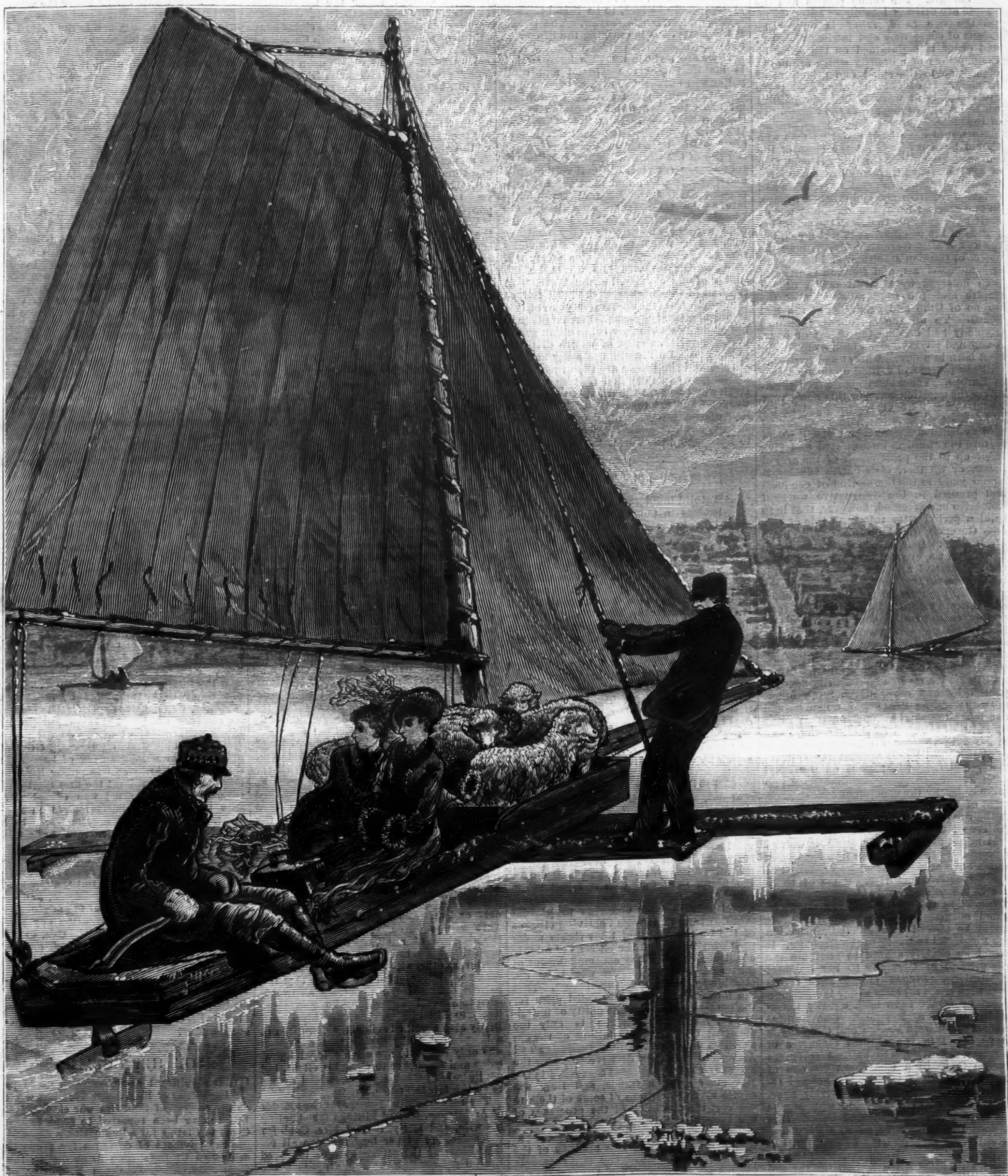
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—"HANK" WARD'S ICE-BOAT FERRY ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER, FROM NEWBURG TO FISHKILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 411.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE CRISIS IN GERMANY.

THE situation in Germany is full of interest. Discontent has become almost chronic. The ruling powers and the people are drifting into direct antagonism. On the one hand, relief is sought by means of conspiracy and lawless violence; and order is maintained on the other by assumptions of authority which are in flat opposition to the spirit and principles of freedom. It cannot be denied that there are elements at work in German politics which are full of menace to the tranquillity of the state.

He would have been a daring man who should have predicted at the close of the Franco-German War the present condition of affairs. Then Germany had come forth triumphant from two great wars. She had humbled Austria; she had crushed France. In one case, at least, the indemnity money must have gone far to defray the actual expenses of the conflict. This was much, but it was not all. German unity, so long the object of German ambition, had become an accomplished fact, and German vanity had been flattered by the restoration of the empire and the re-establishment of the throne of Otto and Frederick of the Red Beard. To all the surrounding nations Germany had become the object of envy. A new and mighty nation had, so to speak, been born in a day. A great and unrivaled military power had sprung up in the centre of Europe. Thoughtful men asked themselves the question whether this new power would assert its energies for good or for evil—whether, satisfied with what it had accomplished and what it had won, it would restore the sword to its scabbard and give itself up to the prosecution of the arts of peace, or whether, elated with success, it would yield to the temptation of conquest and proceed in the destructive work of war. No one dreamed, however, that in so brief a period after this high tide of success Germany would be in a condition not dissimilar to that in which France found herself on the eve of the first great revolution. Least of all did any one conceive it to be possible that at the beginning of the year 1879 the relative positions of France and Germany should have become so completely changed—the one, in spite of all her suffering and sorrow, in spite of the destruction of her property and the exhaustion of her treasury, steadily consolidating the Republic and enjoying an internal tranquillity and a material prosperity not surpassed by any other nation; the other, notwithstanding her proud triumphs and her large indemnity, suffering from great financial depression, from stagnation in all branches of trade and industry, the people in almost open revolt against the Government, and the Government, on the other hand, seeking to protect itself and to preserve order by the enactment and enforcement of laws which are wellnigh Draconic in their severity. It is a striking and suggestive contrast.

It might prove an interesting as well as a profitable study to inquire into the causes which have produced results so different in the respective countries. Some of these causes it would probably be difficult to discover. Some of them, however, might be found comparatively on the surface. It would be absurd to say that France owes her wonderful recovery to the Republic. It would be equally absurd to attribute the misfortunes of Germany to her Imperial institutions. France might have recovered with equal rapidity under the Empire. Germany might have been equally unfortunate under a Republic. One radical difference between France and Germany is to be found in the natural resources of the two countries. In natural resources France is really a rich country—one of the richest in the world. In natural resources Germany is comparatively poor. This helps us to understand why France has so wonderfully recovered herself; but it does not explain to us why Germany, after having expended the five milliards of indemnity money, should now be so financially straitened. We must look for the cause of Germany's difficulty elsewhere.

And without traveling far, we are convinced that we find the principal and the immediately pressing cause in the military system of the empire. Huge military establishments are the curse of most of the nations of Europe. But nowhere is the military system so oppressive as it is in Germany. The old Prussian system now prevails all over the empire. It is a nation of soldiers. It is the army first; everything else must take a second place. Every able-bodied youth is taught the art of war, is bound to serve a term of three years in the regular army, and is liable ever afterwards, until incapacitated by age or sickness, to be called upon for service in the landwehr. Such a system is, and cannot but be, ruinous to many of the best interests of a nation and people. It absorbs the people's means; it clogs the wheels of industry; it takes away from productive pursuits a larger percentage of intelligent power; it demoralizes a large proportion of the best elements of the population and unfits them for active business. It is not easy to exchange the camps or the barracks for the counting-house or the workshop. Such is the system under which Germany groans; and in this huge military system is, we believe, to be found the real secret of Germany's sorrow. The burden is too heavy. It is crushing the life out of the empire.

If we are right in what we have said, it is manifest that the "blood and war" policy will not cure the evil, or permanently allay German discontent. It is not a love for mere theories which is giving life to German Socialism. It is felt oppression. It is visible wrong. It is real want. The army is the upas-tree which is poisoning the life of the German Empire. While the root source remains, the evil will remain, and Socialism will find nourishment from popular discontent. Bismarck may legislate as he pleases; he may induce the Imperial Legislature to pass repressive bills without number; he may continue with his iron heel to crush out the violators of law; but not by such a policy will he save Germany. If he would be the savior of his country, he must strike at the root of this upas-tree—he must relieve the people from the oppressive yoke of this Imperial military system. Perseverance in the opposite course may bring about grave evils sooner than most of us are disposed to believe. In Prussia the army are the people, and the people are the army. Bismarck may some day find that he asks too much when he asks the people to turn their weapons against themselves. The reduction of the German army would be a gain not to Germany alone—it would be a gain to Europe and the world.

DEMOCRATIC BOURBONS.

THE stolid indifference of the Democratic leaders in Congress to the lessons of experience is the great marvel of the times. Some weeks since Mr. Edmunds introduced in the Senate a resolution reaffirming the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution. For this resolution, against which no possible objection can lie, except, perhaps, that it is a surplussage, the Democrats have formally proposed a substitute, adopted in party caucus, which embraces substantially the heresy which impelled the South into rebellion, and which it had been supposed the fierce fires of war had consumed. The substitute admits the amendments to be of binding force and validity, but it asserts that when the right of a citizen to vote is denied or abridged on account of race or color or previous condition of servitude by "the conduct of a person who is not so acting by the authority and in obedience to the laws of the State, the jurisdiction to punish such conduct is in the State Government, and is not in the Government of the United States." The adoption of the principle here advanced would be destructive of the vital element of nationality. It would involve the abdication by the Government of all control over the fundamental sources of its power, and do for the South nearly all that it failed to accomplish by rebellion. The right, it is true, would remain with Congress to prevent State Governments from depriving citizens of the United States of their rights under the Constitution, but the citizens of a State could combine for the accomplishment of that end, and no remedy would be applicable by the General Government. That the States could not be depended upon for the punishment of persons guilty of intimidation, fraud and violence is only too apparent both from the failure of the authorities of South Carolina, Louisiana and Alabama to take any decisive steps for the arrest and trial of persons concerned in the November election frauds, and from the efforts made by citizens of some of them to obstruct the execution of the processes of the Federal Courts.

There can be but one opinion among patriotic citizens as to this attitude of the partisan Democracy. The party leaders cannot plead ignorance of the fact that in at least four of the Southern States the

Federal authority has been positively assailed by deliberate legislative action. In Virginia joint resolutions are pending which propose the nullification of the Civil Rights Bill and Enforcement Act; which, in other words, demand the absolute withdrawal of Federal authority as to elections and the equality of citizens. In Florida practically similar action is proposed, while in Alabama the Legislature denounces bitterly all attempts, under Federal law, to secure the purity of elections, and proposes to escape the operation of such law by obstructive local legislation. In the same State certain Federal officials engaged in the performance of lawful duties, and the custodians of important evidence designed to be used in a United States Court in the trial of persons indicted for violation of the Federal Election Law, have been arrested by order of a local court, imprisoned, and the prosecution of the offenders thus made impossible. In all these States, as well as in Arkansas and Missouri, the dominant party asserts, unhesitatingly, the right of the State to protect all persons or communities guilty of violating Federal law, against the authority of the National Government created under the Constitution. Substantially, they take their stand upon the same definition of the reserved rights of the States as was adopted by South Carolina in 1832, when she attempted to prevent the collection of Federal duties upon imports. The "nullification ordinance" declared the Tariff Act of 1828 and 1832 to be null and void, and that no appeal should be made to the Supreme Court of the United States against the validity of a State law nullifying the tariff. This is precisely the spirit of the resolutions proposed in the Senate as a substitute for those of Mr. Edmunds, and thus we are again brought face to face with the old question which has so long vexed our statesmanship and disturbed our politics.

We risk nothing at all in saying that if the Democratic Party desires to carry the country in 1880 it must unload the Bourbons who deliberately propose to surrender the principle that citizenship is national, and, being so, is to be defended, whenever and however assailed, by all the power at the nation's command.

RECENT CRIMINAL TRIALS.

THE recent trials of Hunter and Mrs. Cobb suggest the question of the duty of lawyers to their clients, and the inquiry as to how far they are justified in their efforts to save them. When Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, submitted that question to the great moralist, the latter said his conclusion, after due thought, was that a lawyer was bound to do for his client what the client would do for himself, had he the learning and ability of his counsel. Sterner casuists have considered that this went beyond the strict line of duty, for it involved the criminal's right to compel his lawyer to perjure himself, since, as no man on trial for murder would hesitate to swear falsely to save his life, the lawyer was bound by this dictum to act in a similar manner.

There have been many notable cases in which eminent criminal lawyers have forgotten the claims of truth and uttered what they knew to be false. One case was when Courvoisier, the valet who murdered his master, Lord William Russell, was being tried for the crime. His counsel, Mr. Phillips, one of the most eminent then practicing at the Bar, solemnly assured the Court that he knew from circumstances he could not reveal that his client was innocent of the murder. The evidence, however, against the prisoner was conclusive, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The wretched man, when he found he had no chance of escape, not only confessed to the clergyman that he murdered Lord Russell, but also that he had confessed the same to his counsel before he undertook his defense. Upon the disclosure of this fact, Mr. Phillips tried to explain away his perjury, but it was always a stigma on his reputation, and, of course, very much weakened his influence with juries.

The late James T. Brady, the most eminent and successful criminal lawyer New York has produced, before he undertook the defense of a client, always insisted upon knowing the exact truth about the matter, as otherwise he might "bungle" the defense. He assumed the ground that if a patient deceived the physician as to his symptoms and sufferings, he was more likely to kill him than to cure him. Mr. Brady also modified Johnson's definition of a lawyer's duty by saying that a counsel was only bound to use all his legal knowledge and eloquence to clear his client, but not lie in his behalf, and this, indeed, seems to be the fair inference.

The recent trial of Hunter for the murder of Armstrong, that of Billings for shooting his wife, and lastly, that of Mrs. Cobb for the poisoning of her husband, are all remarkable for the strong animus betrayed by the prosecuting attorneys against the prisoners. They evidently ignored the established axiom that every person is inno-

cent till he is proved to be guilty, and acted upon the French custom, when the *procureur de roi* openly abuses the prisoner at the Bar from the very beginning of the trial. This course sometimes defeats the ends of justice, as it did in the case of Jesse Billings, turning the feeling of displeasure with the district attorney into actual sympathy with the prisoner. In this connection, we must express our disapprobation of the conduct of the prosecuting attorney in the Connecticut case, in placing a little daughter of Mrs. Cobb on the stand to testify against her mother. Proceedings of this character are sure to react by creating a factitious sympathy with the accused, thus very often defeating the ends of justice which would otherwise be attained.

THE NEW SENATORS.

NINE States have elected United States Senators during the last week. In this State Senator Conkling was returned by the unanimous vote of his party. In Indiana Senator Voorhees was re-elected for both the long and short terms, the anticipated opposition disappearing under the whip of party discipline. Mr. Voorhees is a man of undoubted ability and is the idol of the rank and file of his party in his State, but his financial views are radically wrong, and unless he shall abate the rancor of his antagonism to the policy to which the country is now committed, his re-election will not inure to the public advantage. In Pennsylvania, Senator Cameron, against whom a combination of Democrats and discontented Republicans was at one time thought to be probable, was re-elected by a decisive vote, and being thus confirmed in his hold upon the party machinery, he will no doubt continue to exercise a controlling influence in Pennsylvania politics. In North Carolina ex-Governor Zebulon B. Vance was elected in place of Senator Merrimon, who withdrew from the contest before the caucus ballot. The Senate will not be strengthened in statesmanship by the change. Mr. Merrimon has been a hard-working, conscientious legislator, rather conservative than otherwise in his views and tendencies, while Governor Vance is a violent partisan, a supporter of the extreme States Rights doctrines, and generally an obstructionist as to all measures looking to the preservation of the fruits of the Civil War. In Illinois General John A. Logan is elected in place of Senator Oglesby, having achieved a notable triumph over the opposing element in his party. Many will cordially welcome his return to public life. In Connecticut, Orville H. Platt is chosen as the successor of Senator Barnum. He is a gentleman of pure character, of some experience in affairs, but not distinguished for ability. It is surprising that, with the opportunity of securing such a representative in the Senate as General Joseph R. Hawley—a statesman of national reputation, who has been identified with the best elements and all the reformatory tendencies of our politics, and who is withal distinguished for broad and catholic views—the Republicans of Connecticut should have permitted themselves to select a comparatively unknown man for that high and honorable position. In Florida, Mr. Wilkinson Call, who is described as a lawyer, and who served in the Confederate Army, is elected in place of Senator Conover. Of this change, also, it is to be said that the interests of the public service are not likely to be promoted by it. From Missouri, Colonel George G. Vest is chosen for the long, and General James Shields for the short term—the two representing diametrically opposing influences. General Shields, after a long career of honorable service in the Army and in public life, entered the Union ranks at the first mutter of rebellion. Colonel Vest was conspicuous as a leader of the Secessionists in Missouri, subsequently serving in both branches of the Confederate Congress. Since the War he has been the acknowledged leader of what is known in Missouri as the Confederate element. He has pledged himself, however, to the support of all the Constitutional amendments, and especially to the protection of the negro. He declared, also, against granting any pension, bounty or pay to Confederates, or the recognition of Confederate debts, and in favor of the honest payment of the national debt. In Wisconsin, ex-Senator Matthew H. Carpenter has been elected in place of Senator Howe. He will, no doubt, take a leading place in the body of which he has already been, in various ways, a conspicuous member.

SOUTHERN CLAIMS.

TWO significant speeches were made in the House of Representatives last week on the subject of Southern war claims. A Bill having been reported to send to the Court of Claims for adjudication a demand for the payment of damages for property destroyed by the Union Army during the Civil War, Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, of this city, spoke strongly against it, urging forcibly that its passage would establish a

dangerous precedent, and that if Congress does not propose to pay all these claims, which are said to amount to a hundred thousand millions, and to bankrupt the Treasury, this would be the time to stop. Mr. Potter was supported in his views by Representative Bragg of Wisconsin, who spoke with an emphasis which provoked the greatest excitement among Southern members. He said he "was willing that the dead past should remain dead, but he was not willing to sit by and allow it to be brought up, in one form or another, by one member or another, and from one committee or another, for the purpose of getting money out of the Treasury under the plea of loyalty. He had heard it said that, unless the Democrats of the North were more liberal, unless they opened their hands and gave more lavishly, the 'solid South,' on which they relied, would go over to the other side. He, representing the Democrats of the North, would say that if there was a man who professed to belong to the Democracy of the South simply for the reason that the doors of the Treasury were to be opened to them, the sooner they went over the better for them, and the better for the Democratic Party."

These views were indignantly resented by Representative Ellis and others, the former quitting his seat and taking his stand at that of General Bragg, where he said that the only loyal men in the South during the war were the men who went with the communities in which they lived. For a time the excitement was intense, but the debate was finally closed by the interposition of a parliamentary objection. General Bragg, who was a brave and distinguished officer of the Union Army during the War of the Rebellion, no doubt expresses the sentiment of the better portion of his party at the North, and it is not at all probable that any claim of the class to which he objects will be allowed by the present or succeeding Congresses.

BEYOND THE SEAS.

THIS Winter is extraordinarily severe in the Old World. In England, the misery from destitution and strikes and cotton-mill fires is aggravated by extreme cold. In Switzerland, in consequence of the rigors of the season, the forests of the Bernese Jura are invested with troops of wild boars, farms are frequently attacked by wolves, and chamois are coming down by hundreds into the valleys to seek for food. At Antwerp, in Belgium, on the 22d inst., the ice had accumulated greatly on the highway and rivers. At the same date the Elbe was frozen over, and steamers could not get to Hamburg. In the Ukraine, Russia, violent snow storms raged for three days, blocking the Kharkov and Azor, the Poltava and Soony, and other railways. Seven thousand men are at work clearing the lines of communication between Moscow and Sebastopol. In Afghanistan General Winter is assuming more authority than any other general there, and the Home Government has been constrained to instruct the commander of the Anglo-Indian army of invasion to stop the projected advance from Candahar and Jellalabad, lest during the February snows there should be another fatal mishap like that of General Elphinstone's army in 1842. At Paris those quiet promenaders on the boulevards who dress all the rest of the year like other folks, but at this season come forth enveloped in furs like Muscovites, are more numerous than ever. On the 23d inst. M. Laroche-Joubert even proposed in the Chamber of Deputies at Versailles that the Chamber meet in Paris until the weather became milder. But this was left undecided, for it involves too many serious political possibilities, especially now, in the excitement about the recent ministerial crisis.

That crisis happily ended, for the present at least, in a vote of confidence in the Ministry of M. Dufaure. But the vote was given only because M. Dufaure gave ample promises to respect the natural and logical wishes of the Republicans to have the French Republic administered by Republicans, in the War Department and in the army, as well as in the civil departments. It was thus given on conditions, and the Ministry will be closely watched to see that the conditions are fulfilled. If they be not, another crisis, sooner or later, will be inevitable. Meanwhile, President MacMahon, as well as Minister Dufaure, shows a disposition to accede to the legitimate demands of the Republicans, who seem, at length, to have learned the advantage and the necessity of uniting moderation with firmness.

Politics do not wholly engross attention, even in Paris. Aside from the ordinary round of fashionable amusements, science, art and literature still claim their fair share of interest. Science, indeed, just now seems to run somewhat in the direction of scientific toys, such as talking microphones, Cornu's electric lamp, illuminating paper, and the like. These very toys, however, like old Benjamin Franklin's key

and kite-line, may lead to such applications of science as shall, in many respects, revolutionize modern life. The artists are generally pleased with the official decision that, according to the late Charles Sumner's idea, there shall be "no more battle-pictures"—at least that no French ones shall be sent to the Art Exhibition of 1879 at Munich. Wagner, the eccentric musical composer, after having been heard of but little for some time, is making himself talked about again by a doleful letter, published in a German journal, in which he complains of the lack of contemporaneous appreciation. But does he not proclaim his to be the Music of the Future? The Parisian literary world is still exercised over the silly act of Zola, the sensational romance writer, in heralding himself, in a Russian journal, as being, as it were, the sole great living novelist in France. The death of Marc Fournier, the director of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and the first to carry to its height the modern fashion of luxury and splendor in stage decoration and display, and the death of Admiral Touchard, have been notable events in the respective spheres to which the two celebrities belonged.

The name of Wagner, just mentioned, calls to mind the latest eccentricity of his royal friend, King Louis of Bavaria—a sumptuous sort of Swedenborgian dinner of fourteen converts to Louis XIV. and his suite, the guests, of course, not finding it convenient to be bodily present. Another monarch, the King of the Belgians, has acquired recent fame by a royal pun which he made on returning to the Château de Laeken, tired out with the official ceremonies at his Brussels palace on New Year's Day. All the courtiers, he said, had kept calling him "auguste," when they knew that his name was "Leopold." The *Almanach de Gotha*, the Bible of Imperial and royal circles in Europe, has scandalized its august readers by chronicling the year of the alleged marriage of Princess Mathilde, of the Bonaparte family, "to the painter Popelin." The widow of Prince Demidoff angrily denies that she is, or ever has been, remarried. A Connecticut parson, in a somewhat similar case, gently said: "It is high time you should be, my dear." Everybody pretends to know now what was the matter with Adelina Patti's knee, as it is announced that the late Marquise de Caux is in an interesting condition.

Ex-President Grant has embarked at Marseilles on the French mail steamer *La Bourdonnais* for India, without awaiting the result of the election, by the assembly of notables at Tirnova, of a candidate to the Bulgarian throne. Captain-General Campos will probably be recalled from Cuba to be Spanish Minister of War. A Chinese Ambassador has been received with much pomp and circumstance at St. Petersburg, and the daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, the Czar's youngest brother, was married there with great state, on January 24th, to the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

A NEW market for the product of our coal mines is being developed. A Geneva dispatch states that American coals are beginning to sell in Switzerland slightly cheaper than French and German coals, and are regarded as much superior to them. An American locomotive, burning anthracite coal, is running at Geneva.

THE sales of four per cent. bonds still continue. It is easy to calculate the saving to the people which is accomplished by this funding of the public debt. Every \$1,000,000 of four per cents. sold saves \$20,000 annually to the tax-payers. With the steady reduction of expenses now going on, and reduction of the debt and interest upon it, it is possible that the debt will be pretty well obliterated by the end of the present century.

THE record of the New Orleans Howard Association during the yellow fever visitation is a brilliant one. The official report shows that it cared for a total of 35,750 patients and provided for 60,000 destitute people at an expense of \$380,185. The total receipts of the association were \$383,449, of which the sum of \$82,637 was contributed by New York. Of the entire contributions reported, this city gave more than the entire South, and three times as much as any other Northern city.

THE United States Centennial Commission has finally adjusted its financial affairs and adjourned *sine die*. The balance sheet shows that the total receipts from all sources amounted to \$11,161,611, and the expenditures up to this time, including the return of the Government appropriation of \$1,500,000, and dividends to stockholders of about \$150,000 less than that sum. This is a much more gratifying showing than many have anticipated. The principal item of expenditure, of course, was for the Exposition buildings, the cost of which was \$5,242,295. The expenses of the judges amounted to \$198,540. At the Paris Ex-

position no allowance for judges' expenses was made, those officials having to provide everything, even to their stationery, out of their own pockets. The services of the fire and police departments cost \$604,026, and \$44,063 was paid for music during the progress of the Exposition.

THE proposition of Senator Windom to set apart a territory for the occupation by colored men at the South who may desire to emigrate is said to be received with favor by leading representatives of the black race. A delegation representing six States, who waited on Senator Windom last week, expressed the belief that 100,000 able-bodied colored laborers could be induced to leave their homes if they should have even moderate assurance that they would improve their condition. The project is a novel one, but it is difficult to see how it can be carried out.

SOME forty Bills have been introduced in Congress providing for the payment of rent for the use of land occupied during the defense of Pennsylvania, in 1863, by United States troops. Of course, the Bills will not pass, but the names of the landowners, in whose interest they are presented, should by all means be given to the public. They must be kinsmen of those enterprising Pennsylvanians about Gettysburg, who were reported to have exacted five pence a glass from every thirsty Union soldier, who, in the pauses of that terrible fight, sought a cooling draught of water at their doors.

THE cost to Russia of the late war with Turkey is estimated by a journal of that country at two milliards of roubles, equal to about \$1,500,000,000. It is not stated whether this estimate includes the indirect losses accruing through the war to Russian subjects, but we presume, from the magnitude of the amount, it must do so. As to the losses of the Russians, it is said that 124,471 men lie buried in the Balkan Peninsula, and of the 120,950 men sent back to Russia as sick or wounded, 42,950 died; the complete number of the dead is 172,400 men, not including those who succumbed in Asia Minor.

THE House of Representatives having ordered the Potter Committee to inquire into the cipher dispatches, and appropriated \$10,000 to defray the expenses of such inquiry, we may expect a revival of interest in the general subject of the alleged Presidential frauds in certain States. The leaders of both parties have pretended to be anxious for this investigation, but the truth probably is that none of them really desired it, since, should the "bottom facts" be elicited, prominent men on both sides will probably be seriously smirched. General Butler has delivered to the committee 641 cipher telegrams of which he says he does not know the origin—having found them on his table one day last Spring.

A MOVEMENT for the abrogation of the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington has been initiated in the United States Senate. Mr. Edmunds, who leads the movement, shows by an array of facts and figures that so far from the privileges secured by the treaty to American fishermen being worth five and a half millions, the amount of the Halifax award, they are practically worthless. It would certainly seem desirable, in view of the differences which have arisen between the two Governments over the operations of the treaty regarding the fishery privileges, that what remains in the agreement should be terminated by mutual consent. Mr. Edmunds expresses the belief that England will not object to the abrogation.

MR. BLAINE, in a speech in the Senate last week, made some statements in reference to the navy which will attract attention. He said, among other things, that the number of men in the navy is limited to 7,500, and for these there is a total of 2,020 officers, or one officer to a little over three men. We have 91 vessels and 38 in commission. The British Navy, which has 320 steam vessels, and a total of 494 vessels, has 4,990 officers, with something over 60,000 men. The pay of the officers of our navy on the active list amounts to over \$3,822,000 annually; for those on the retired list, \$645,000; while the pay of petty officers and seamen amounts to only \$2,300,000 per annum. This shows very clearly the top-heavy condition of the service. Meanwhile, we are turning out annually from the Naval Academy an average of 50 officers. Mr. Blaine proposes that on and after 1880 the graduates from that academy shall not be entitled to commissions except upon merit and to fill existing vacancies, and favors the encouragement of our commercial marine as the only true basis of an efficient navy, by appropriating for the benefit of commerce some part of the money now wasted for naval purposes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A CONSTITUTIONAL Convention is shortly to be held in Louisiana.

J. D. WALKER, Democrat, has been elected United States Senator in Arkansas.

THE Teller Committee are investigating the alleged election frauds in South Carolina.

It is believed that Sitting Bull, with his entire force, amounting to 5,000 lodges, has returned to the United States from Canada.

THE New York State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, located at Bath, N. Y., was formally opened on January 23d with appropriate ceremonies.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati has executed a deed of trust covering all the Catholic property in his charge for the benefit of his creditors.

GENERAL SHERMAN started, January 25th, on a tour of inspection through the South—his first visit to the military forts in that section since the Civil War.

THE resignation of the Rev. Dr. Buddington, for many years pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Society of Brooklyn, has been accepted, and he has been made pastor emeritus with a life salary.

THE Army Appropriation Bill appropriates for the year 1880 the sum of \$26,747,300 as against \$25,778,167 appropriated for 1879. The total appropriation by the Post Office Bill is \$34,960,343, as against \$33,256,373 for 1879.

THE President, on January 25th, signed the Bill providing for the payment of arrears of pensions. As nearly as can be estimated, from \$50,000,000 to \$80,000,000 will be required to settle all the claims which may be presented under it.

THREE officials of the Canvassing Board of Brevard County, Florida, have been convicted of election frauds, and sentenced, one to three years, and the others to one year each, in the Albany Penitentiary. One of the offenders was a State Senator.

THE losses on the great fire in Worth Street, New York City, amounted to \$2,663,000; the insurance was \$3,639,500, distributed among a large number of companies, of which the foreign ones suffered most. There has been a general demand for increased insurance by merchants, and an advance of 100 per cent. has been made in the rates for property in the drygoods district.

A SYNDICATE has been formed, composed of New York and London bankers, for the purpose of placing the four per cent. bonds on the European market. The contract provides that the syndicate shall subscribe at once for \$10,000,000 worth of the bonds, and take \$5,000,000 per month until July 1st, with an option on June 30th to subscribe for all remaining unsold bonds of this issue.

IN reply to the letter of Secretary Sherman, giving his reasons for the removal of Collector Arthur and Naval Officer Cornell, these gentlemen have sent letters to the Senate Committee on Commerce, which are said to thoroughly refute all charges. The committee has reported in favor of rejecting the nominations of General Merritt and Mr. Burt, and of confirming the nomination of General Graham.

THE unfortunate band of Cheyenne Indians who made a bold dash for liberty recently from Fort Robinson, Neb., preferring death to removal to Indian Territory, have been nearly all wiped out by our troops. They were caught January 22d in a wash-out only forty-six miles from their prison, surrounded by the troops, and twenty-three of them killed after a desperate resistance. Nine prisoners only were taken.

ON January 18th Secretary Sherman issued the eighty-second call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865, consols of 1867, the amount being \$20,000,000; on the 22d the eighty-third for a like sum, and on the 24th the eighty-fourth, also for \$20,000,000. Since January 1st the Treasury has called in \$130,000,000 of the 5-20's. During the week ending on the 25th, the subscriptions to the four per cents. amounted to \$56,497,656.

MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, ex-Sheriff of New York, died January 20th, aged 58; John Blizir Scribner, of the publishing house of Scribner's Sons, on the 20th, aged 26; Dr. John B. Biddle, Professor of Materia Medica in the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, on the 19th, aged 64; Admiral Tonchard of the French Navy, and a Deputy for Paris, on the 20th, aged 68; George S. Hillard, author, editor, and compiler of a popular set of reading books long used in the public schools of this country, January 21st, aged 58; Dr. Robert T. Hallock, President of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, and a member of the Geographical and Polytechnic Societies and of the Farmers' and Liberal Clubs, on the 21st, aged 73; and Hon. John Cadwalader, Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, on the 26th, aged 72.

Foreign.

THE estimates of the German Budget for the year provide for an increase of the army by 80,000 men.

THREE transports will be sent next month to bring the pardoned Communist convicts from New Caledonia.

THE North Wales Miners' Association has resolved to encourage by appropriations of money the emigration of its members to America and Australia.

A SANITARY Commission, with delegates from Austria, Germany and Hungary, met at Vienna, January 24th, to devise measures to prevent the spread of the plague in Astrachan, Russia.

By consent of all the Powers the functions of the Commission for the organization of Eastern Roumelia has been extended, and the Russian administration is accordingly prolonged.

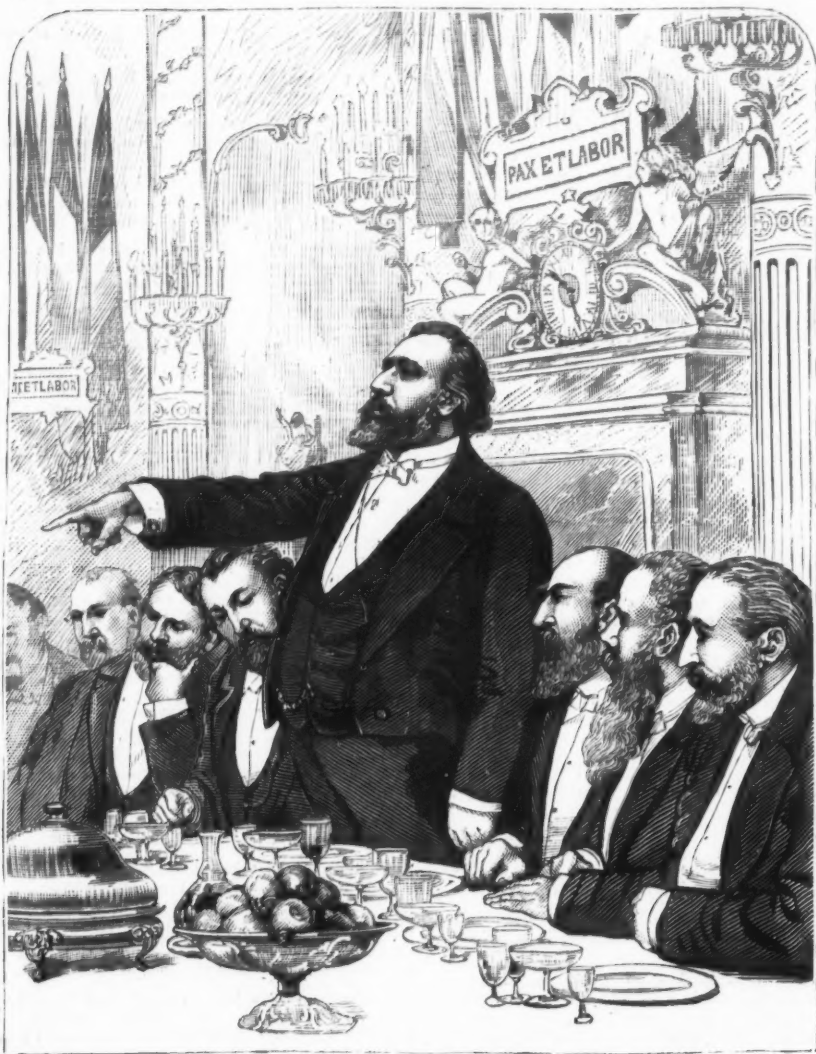
BEFORE the adjournment of the Chamber of Deputies on January 24th to the 28th, the Minister of Public Instruction presented a Bill making primary education obligatory throughout France after the first of next January.

GERMANY will merely keep sufficient naval force in the neighborhood of Samoa to retain possession of two small forts on the island of Upolu, which she seized and will hold as a pledge until the Samoan Government grants Germany her treaty rights.

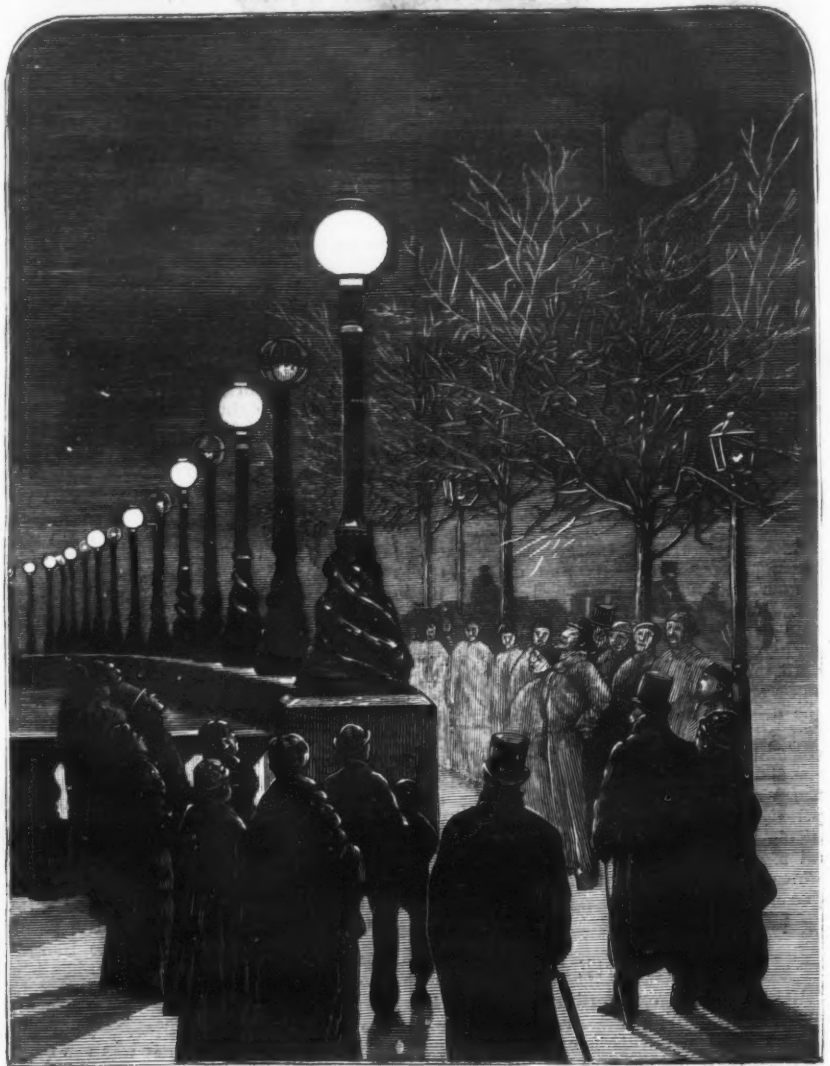
ON account of the dearth of good investments Londoners are beginning to look toward the United States four per cent. bonds. It is believed the syndicate has already sold to jobbers and others there a considerable portion of the amount it has just contracted for.

THE Constitution for Bulgaria has been ratified by the Czar of Russia. It will be translated into the Bulgarian language and communicated to the foreign consuls and Bulgarian Assembly. The time consumed in the translation of the Constitution will probably retard the meeting of the Assembly to the 6th or 10th of February, when it will be opened by Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, the Russian Governor of Bulgaria.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 411.



FRANCE.—M. GAMBETTA ADDRESSING THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS, PARIS.



ENGLAND.—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.



AFGHANISTAN.—NATIVE CAMP-FOLLOWERS "LOOTING" THE AFGHAN CAMP AT ALI MUSSJID.



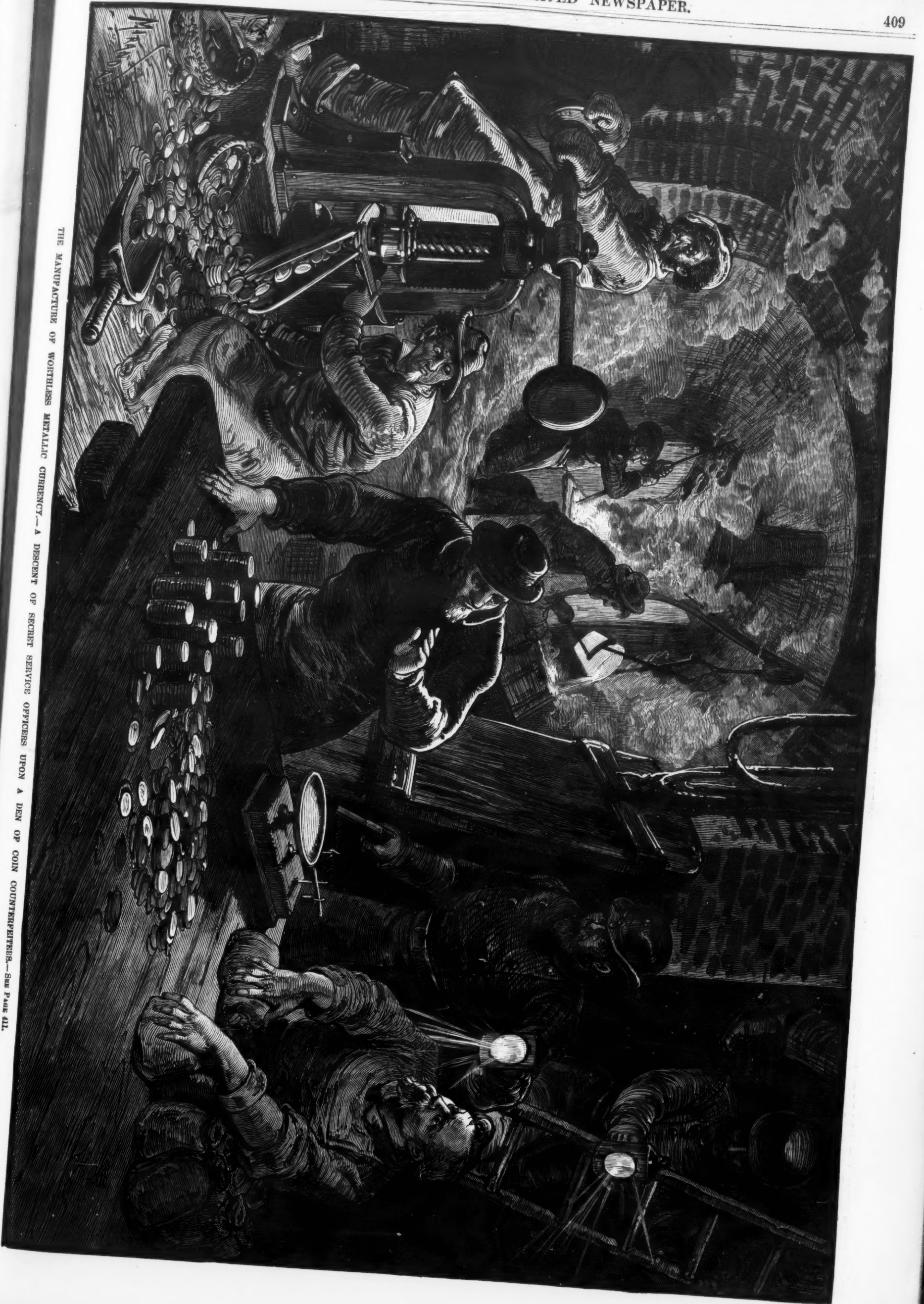
AFGHANISTAN.—COMMISSARIAT BULLOCK-VANS BETWEEN JHELM AND PESHAWUR.



AFGHANISTAN.—BENGAL CAVALRY ON THE MARCH WITH BAGGAGE-PONIES.



AFGHANISTAN.—A SUBDIVISION OF A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN THE KHOORUM VALLEY.



THE MANUFACTURE OF WORTHLESS METALLIC CURRENCY.—A DESCENT OF SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS UPON A DEN OF COIN COUNTERFEITERS.—SEE PAGE 411.

A CHOPIN WALTZ.

YOUR satin hand give me, sweet love—
Your gold head on my breast—
And I, then all the saints above,
Will be more subtly blest.
We'll float and float, and glide and glide
Adown the moonlit hall,
While the merry masquers walk aside
Where too rose and lily call.

Weird Chopin's mystic music seems
To wrap us round and round
In a silver web of swift-spun dreams
That cannot be unbound;
It draws us each to each, my sweet—
It holds us eye to eye;
As one our two hearts beat and beat,
Our rhythmic pulses fly.

The Summer night is soft and still,
The moon is cold and high;
And, wandering at their own sweet will,
Our happy friends go by.
Oh, is it that the waltz is sweet
With strains of life and death
That we, with tears, its strains repeat,
And sobbings in our breath?

Or is it that I love you so,
Pale lily on my breast,
That all the music's ebb and flow
Is but my love confessed?
You rest upon my gentle arm—
I read your eyes divine—
The passion and the holy charm
Of Chopin's thought is mine.

Your little feet are winged with bliss,
The moon is on your face—
Ah! would our lives could fly like this,
Afloat in happy space!
Alas! too soon the waltz is played!
Our palms have fallen apart;
And we, but mortal man and maid,
Stand, freed from Chopin's art.

META V. VICTOR.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS

CHAPTER VI.

OH, Rufus Dingwell, it is such a rainy day! And the London street which I look out on from my hotel window presents such a dirty and such a miserable view! Do you know, I scarcely feel like the same Amelius who promised to write to you, when you left the steamer at Queenstown? My spirits are sinking; I begin to feel old. Am I in the right state of mind to tell you what are my first impressions of London? Perhaps I may alter my opinion. At present (this is between ourselves), I don't like London or London people—excepting two ladies, who, in very different ways, have interested and charmed me.

Who are the ladies? I must tell you what I heard about them from Mr. Hethcote, before I present them to you on my own responsibility.

After you left us, I found the last day of the voyage to Liverpool dull enough. Mr. Hethcote did not seem to feel it in the same way; on the contrary, he grew more familiar and confidential in his talk with me. He has some of the English stiffness, you see—and your American pace was a little too fast for him. On our last night on board, we had some more conversation about the Farnabys. You were not interested enough in the subject to attend to what he said about them while you were with us—but if you are to be introduced to the ladies, you must be interested now. Let me first inform you that Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby have no children; and let me add that they have adopted the daughter and orphan child of Mrs. Farnaby's sister. This sister, it seems, died many years ago, surviving her husband for a few months only. To complete the story of the past, death has also taken old Mr. Ronald, the founder of the stationer's business, and his wife, Mrs. Farnaby's mother. Dry facts these, I don't deny it—but there is something more interesting to follow. I have next to tell you how Mr. Hethcote first became acquainted with Mrs. Farnaby. Now, Rufus, we are coming to something romantic at last.

It is some time since Mr. Hethcote ceased to perform his clerical duties, owing to a malady in the throat which made it painful for him to take his place in the reading-desk or the pulpit. His last curacy attached him to a church at the west-end of London; and here, one Sunday evening, after he had preached the sermon, a lady in trouble came to him in the vestry for spiritual advice and consolation. She was a regular attendant at the church, and something which he had said in that evening's sermon had deeply affected her. Mr. Hethcote spoke with her afterwards, on many occasions at home. He felt a sincere interest in her, but he disliked her husband; and, when he gave up his curacy, he ceased to pay visits to the house. As to what Mrs. Farnaby's troubles were, I can tell you nothing. Mr. Hethcote spoke very gravely and sadly when he told me that the subject of his conversations with her must be kept a secret. "I doubt whether you and Mr. Farnaby will get on well together," he said to me. "But I shall be astonished if you are not favorably impressed by his wife and her niece."

This was all I knew when I presented my letter of introduction to Mr. Farnaby, at his place of business.

It was a grand, stone building, with great, plate-glass windows—all renewed and improved, they told me, since old Mr. Ronald's time. My letter and my card went into an office at the back, and I followed them after a while. A lean, hard, middle-sized man, buttoned up tight in a black frock-coat, received me, holding my written introduction open in his hand. He had a ruddy complexion, not commonly seen in Londoners, so far as my experience goes. His iron-gray hair and whiskers (especially the whiskers) were in wonderfully fine order, as carefully oiled and combed as if he had just come out of a bar-

ber's shop. I had been in the morning to the Zoological Gardens; his eyes, when he lifted them from the letter to me, reminded me of the eyes of the eagles—glassy and cruel. I have a fault that I can't cure myself of. I like people or dislike them, at first sight, without knowing in either case whether they deserve it or not. In the one moment, when our eyes first met, I felt the devil in me. In plain English, I hated Mr. Farnaby!

"Good-morning, sir," he began, in a loud, harsh, rasping voice. "The letter you bring me takes me by surprise."

"I thought the writer was an old friend of yours," I said.

"An old friend of mine," Mr. Farnaby answered, "whose errors I deplore. When he joined your Community, I looked upon him as a lost man. I am surprised at his writing to me."

It is quite likely I was wrong, knowing nothing of the usages of society in England. I thought this reception of me downright rude. I had laid my hat on a chair—I took it up in my hand again, and delivered a parting shot at the brute with the oily whiskers.

"If I had known what you now tell me," I said, "I should not have troubled you by presenting that letter. Good-morning."

This didn't in the least offend him; a curious smile broke out on his face—it widened his eyes, and it twitched up his mouth at one corner. He held out his hand to stop me. I waited, in case he felt bound to make an apology. He did nothing of the sort—he only made a remark.

"You are young and hasty," he said. "I may lament my friend's extravagances without failing on that account in what is due to an old friendship. You are probably not aware that we have no sympathy in England with Socialists."

I hit him back again. "In that case, sir, a little socialism in England would do you no harm. We consider it a part of our duty as Christians to feel sympathy with all men who are honest in their convictions—no matter how mistaken (in our opinion) the convictions may be." I rather thought I had him there; and I took up my hat again, to get off with the honors of victory while I had the chance.

I am sincerely ashamed of myself, Rufus, in telling you all this. I ought to have given him back "the soft answer that turneth away wrath"—my conduct was a disgrace to my Community. What evil influence was at work in me? Was it the air of London, or was it a possession of the devil?

He stopped me for the second time, not in the least disconcerted by what I had said to him. His inbred conviction of his own superiority to a young adventurer like me was really something magnificent to witness. He did me justice—the Philistine-Pharisee did me justice! Will you believe it? He made his remarks next on my good points, as if I had been a young bull at a prize-cattle show.

"Excuse me for noticing it," he said. "Your manners are perfectly gentlemanlike, and you speak English without any accent. And yet, you have been brought up in America. What does it mean?"

I grew worse and worse—I got downright sulky now.

"I suppose it means," I answered, "that some of us in America cultivate ourselves as well as our land. We have our books and music, though you seem to think we only have our axes and spades. Englishmen don't claim a monopoly of good manners at Tadmor. We see no difference between an American gentleman and an English gentleman. And as for speaking English with an accent, the Americans accuse us of doing that."

He smiled again. "How very absurd!" he said, with a superb compassion for the benighted Americans. By this time, I suspect he began to feel that he had had enough of me. He got rid of me with an invitation.

"I shall be glad to receive you at my private residence, and introduce you to my wife and her niece, our adopted daughter. There is the address. We have a few friends to dinner on Saturday next, at seven. Will you give us the pleasure of your company?"

We are all aware that there is a distinction between civility and cordiality; but I myself never knew how wide that distinction was until Mr. Farnaby invited me to dinner. If I had not been curious—after what Mr. Hethcote had told me—to see Mrs. Farnaby and her niece, I should certainly have slipped out of the engagement. As it was, I promised to dine with Oily-Whiskers.

He put his hand into mine at parting. It felt as moistly cold as a dead fish. After getting out again into the street, I turned into the first tavern I passed and ordered a drink. Shall I tell you what else I did? I went into the lavatory and washed Mr. Farnaby off my hand. (N.B.—If I had behaved in this way at Tadmor I should have been punished with the lighter penalty—taking my meals by myself, and being forbidden to enter the Common Room for eight-and-forty hours.) I feel I am getting wicked and wicked in London—I have half a mind, Rufus, to join you in Ireland. What does Tom Moore say of his countrymen—he ought to know, I suppose? "For though they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more!" They must have been all Socialists in Tom Moore's time. Just the place for me.

I have been obliged to wait a little. A dense fog has descended on us by way of variety. With a stinking coal fire, with the gas lit and the curtains drawn at half-past eleven in the forenoon, I feel that I am in my own country again at last. Patience, my friend—patience! I am coming to the ladies.

Entering Mr. Farnaby's private residence, on the appointed day, I became acquainted with one more of the innumerable insincerities of modern English life. When a man asks

you to dine with him at seven o'clock, in other countries, he means what he says. In England, he means half-past seven, and sometimes a quarter to eight. At seven o'clock, I was the only person in Mr. Farnaby's drawing-room. At ten minutes past seven, Mr. Farnaby made his appearance. I had a good mind to take his place in the middle of the hearth-rug, and say, "Farnaby, I am glad to see you." But I looked at his whiskers, and they said to me, as plainly as words could speak, "Better not!"

In five minutes more, Mrs. Farnaby joined us.

I wish I was a practiced author—or, no, I would rather, for the moment, be a competent portrait-painter, and send you Mrs. Farnaby's likeness inclosed. How I am to describe her in words I really don't know. My dear fellow, she almost frightened me. I never before saw such a woman; I never expect to see such a woman again. There was nothing in her figure, or in her way of moving, that produced this impression on me—she is little and fat, and walks with a firm, heavy step like the step of a man. Her face is what I want to make you see as plainly as I saw it myself; it was her face that startled me.

So far as I can pretend to judge, she must have been pretty, in a plump healthy way, when she was young. I declare I scarcely know whether she is not pretty now. She certainly has no marks or wrinkles; her hair either has no gray in it, or is too light to show the gray. She has preserved her fair complexion, perhaps with art to assist it—I can't say. As for her lips—I am not speaking disrespectfully, I am only describing them truly, when I say that they invite kisses in spite of her. In two words, though she has been married (as I know from what one of the guests told me after dinner) for sixteen years, she would be still an irresistible little woman, but for the one startling drawback of her eyes. Don't mistake me. In themselves, they are large, well-opened blue eyes, and may at one time have been the chief attraction in her face. But, now, there is an expression of suffering in them—long, unsoled suffering, as I believe—so despairing and dreadful, that she really made my heart ache when I looked at her. I will swear to it, that woman lives in some secret hell of her own making, and longs for the release of death, and is so inveterately full of bodily life and strength that she may carry her burden with her to the utmost verge of life. I am digging the pen into the paper. I feel this so strongly, and I am so wretchedly incompetent to express my feeling. Can you imagine a diseased mind, imprisoned in a healthy body? I don't care what doctors or books may say—it is that, and nothing else. Nothing else will solve the mystery of the smooth face, the fleshy figure, the firm step, the muscular grip of her hand when she gives it to you—and the soul in torment that looks at you all the while out of her eyes. It is useless to tell me that such a contradiction as this cannot exist. I have seen the woman, and she does exist.

Oh, yes! I can fancy you grinning over my letter—I can hear you saying to yourself, "Where did he pick up his experience, I wonder?" I have no experience—I only have something that serves me instead of it, and I don't know what. The Elder Brother at Tadmor used to say it was sympathy. But he is a sentimentalist.

Well, Mr. Farnaby presented me to his wife—and then walked away as if he was sick of us both, and looked out of the window.

For some reason or other, Mrs. Farnaby seemed to be surprised, for the moment, by my personal appearance. Her husband had, very likely, not told her how young I was. She got over her momentary astonishment, and, signing to me to sit by her on the sofa, said the necessary words of welcome, evidently thinking of something else all the time. The strange, miserable eyes looked over my shoulder, instead of looking at me.

"Mr. Farnaby tells me you have been living in America."

The tone in which she spoke was curiously quiet and monotonous. I have heard such tones, in the far West, from lonely settlers without a neighboring soul to speak to. Has Mrs. Farnaby no neighboring soul to speak to, except at dinner-parties?

"You are an Englishman, are you not?" she went on.

I said Yes, and cast about in my mind for something to say to her. She saved me the trouble by making me the victim of a complete series of questions. This, as I afterwards discovered, was her way of finding conversation for strangers. Have you ever met with absent-minded people to whom it is a relief to ask questions mechanically, without feeling the slightest interest in the answers?

She began: "Where did you live in America?"

"At Tadmor, in the State of Illinois."

"What sort of place is Tadmor?"

I described the place as well as I could, under the circumstances.

"What made you go to Tadmor?"

It was impossible to reply to this without speaking of the Community. Feeling that the subject was not in the least likely to interest her, I spoke as briefly as I could. To my astonishment, I evidently began to interest her from that moment. The series of questions went on—but, now, she not only listened, she was eager for the answers.

"Are there any women among you?"

"Nearly as many women as men."

Another change! Over the weary misery of her eyes there flashed a bright look of interest which completely transfigured them. Her articulation even quickened when she put her next question.

"Are any of the women friendless creatures, who came to you from England?"

"Yes, some of them."

I thought of Mellicent as I spoke. Was this new interest, that I had so innocently aroused,

an interest in Mellicent? Her next question only added to my perplexity. Her next question proved that my guess had completely failed to hit the mark.

"Are there any young women among them?"

Mr. Farnaby, standing with his back to us thus far, suddenly turned and looked at her, when she inquired if there were "young" women among us.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Mere girls."

She pressed so near to me that her knees touched mine. "How old?" she asked, eagerly.

Mr. Farnaby left the window, walked close up to the sofa, and deliberately interrupted us.

"Nasty muggy weather, isn't it?" he said. "I suppose the climate of America—"

Mrs. Farnaby deliberately interrupted her husband. "How old?" she repeated, in a louder tone.

I was bound, of course, to answer the lady of the house. "Some girls from eighteen to twenty. And some younger."

"How much younger?"

"Oh, from sixteen to seventeen."

She grew more and more excited; she positively laid her hand on my arm in her eagerness to secure my attention all to herself. "American girls or English?" she resumed, her fat, firm fingers closing on me like a vise.

"Shall you be in town in November?" said Mr. Farnaby, purposely interrupting us again. "If you would like to see the Lord Mayor's Show—"

Mrs. Farnaby impatiently shook me by the arm. "American girls or English?" she reiterated more obstinately than ever.

Mr. Farnaby gave her one look. If he could have put her on the blazing fire and burnt her up in an instant by an effort of will, I believe he would have made the effort. He saw that I was observing him, and turned quickly from his wife to me. His ruddy face was pale with suppressed rage as he spoke to me. "Come and see my pictures," he said.

His wife still held me fast. Whether he liked it or not, I had again no choice but to answer her. "Some American girls, and some English," I said.

Her eyes opened wider and wider in unutterable expectation. She suddenly advanced her face so close to mine that I felt her hot breath on my cheeks as the next words burst their way through her lips.

"Born in England?"

"No. Born at Tadmor."

She dropped my arm. The light died out of her eyes in an instant; they wandered away again as if my very presence in the room had ceased to impress itself on her mind. In some inconceivable way, I had utterly destroyed some secret expectation that she had fixed on me. She actually left me on the sofa, and took a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. Mr. Farnaby, turning paler and paler, stepped up to her as she changed her place. I rose to look at the pictures on the wall nearest to me. You remarked the extraordinary keenness of my sense of hearing while we were fellow-passengers on the steamship. When he stooped over her and whispered in her ear, I heard him—though nearly the whole breadth of the room was between us. "You hell-cat!"—that was what Mr. Farnaby said to his wife.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck the half-hour after seven. In quick succession the guests at the dinner now entered the room.

I was so staggered by the extraordinary scene of married life which I had just witnessed that the guests produced only a very faint impression upon me. My mind was absorbed in trying to find the true meaning of what I had seen and heard. Was Mrs. Farnaby a little mad? I dismissed that idea as soon as it occurred to me; nothing that I had observed in her justified it. The truer conclusion appeared to be that she was deeply interested in some absent—and possibly lost—young creature, whose age, judging by actions and tones which had sufficiently revealed that part of the secret to me, could not be more than sixteen or seventeen years. How long had she cherished the hope of seeing the girl, or hearing of her? It must have been anyhow a hope very deeply rooted, for she had been perfectly incapable of controlling herself when I had accidentally roused it. As for her husband, there could be no doubt that the subject was not merely distasteful to him, but so absolutely infuriating that he could not even keep his temper in the presence of a third person invited to his house. Had he injured the girl in any way? Was he responsible for her disappearance? Did his wife know it, or only suspect it? Who was the girl? What was the secret of Mrs. Farnaby's extraordinary interest in her—Mrs. Farnaby, whose marriage was childless; whose interest, one would have thought, should be naturally concentrated on her adopted daughter, her sister's orphan child? In conjectures such as these I completely lost myself. Let me hear what your ingenuity can make of the puzzle; and let me return to Mr. Farnaby's dinner, waiting on Mr. Farnaby's table.

The servant threw open the drawing-room door, and the most honored guest present led Mrs. Farnaby to the dining-room. I roused myself to some observation of what was going on about me. No ladies had been invited, and the men were all of a certain age. I looked in vain for the charming niece. Was she not well enough to appear at the dinner-party? I ventured on putting the question to Mr. Farnaby.

"You will find her at the tea-table, when we return to the drawing-room. Girls are out of place at dinner-parties." So he answered me, not very graciously.

As I stepped out on the landing, I looked up; I don't know why, unless I was the unconscious object of magnetic attraction. Anyhow, I had my reward. A bright young face peeped over the balusters of the upper staircase, and modestly withdrew itself again in a violent

hurry. Everybody but Mr. Farnaby and myself had disappeared in the dining-room. Was she having a peep at the young Socialist?

(To be continued.)

ICE YACHTS ON THE HUDSON.

THE Hudson River, since it was frozen solid during the early days in January, has been the scene, especially in the vicinity of Poughkeepsie and Newburg, of exciting sports which have attracted wide attention. Conspicuous among these is ice-yachting. At Poughkeepsie a large amount of money is invested in ice yachts, great handsome crafts, beautifully constructed, having wire-rigging, nickel-plated ironwork and timbers and railings, and runner-planks made of the most durable and costly woods. Every yacht in the fleet can make a mile in a minute in a stiff breeze. There have been several races which have occasioned wide interest and excitement. At New Hamburg there is also a fine fleet of ice yachts.

Between Newburg and Fishkill, a ferry was established during the snow blockade by "Hank" Ward, the oarsman, who carried both passengers and freight in his yacht. Our illustration shows his craft crossing on the ice with a load of sheep and a number of lady excursionists.

THE ROMANCE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.

THE recent arrest by officers of the United States Secret Service of Charles Ulrich and Henry C. Cole, and the successful resumption of specie payments on January 1st, have called renewed attention to the ever mysterious subject of counterfeit money. Ulrich has long been known as the most expert engraver in the world, and Cole bears the reputation of having handled more counterfeit money during the past thirty-five years than any other man in the United States. How like a very romance, replete with indications of physical courage, of determination, of continuous criminal operations, of capture, imprisonment, escape and recapture, reads the narrative of these men just drawn from their last hiding-place. The chief interest centres in the career of Ulrich, the expert engraver, who, in cutting plates of national bank and Treasury notes, has succeeded in producing work which professional examiners have said could not be imitated by hand. Costly machines have been made to cut the lathe work on the back of Treasury notes in perfect geometric lines, supposed to be absolutely proof against any attempt at imitation; and yet Ulrich, patiently engraving in a secluded room, under the guard of confederates, has outmaneuvered the machine. He is said to be the only man who ever successfully counterfeited the notes of the Bank of England. In August, 1876, we find Charles Ulrich stepping from the penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, where he was serving a sentence of ten years for engraving and printing a \$100 note on the First National Bank of Boston, with a pardon in his pocket. His reputation as a counterfeiter was so high that, notwithstanding he had been pardoned and had announced that he was going out of the business, Secret Service detectives began watching his movements. Fully aware that he was under close surveillance, he allowed his natural cunning to control him, when, presto! like the harlequin in the pantomime, he disappeared entirely from view. The entire detective force of the Government, with the countless agencies throughout the country, were unable to discover his abiding place, and the authorities began to think that he was really endeavoring to keep his word and lead a different life. In the Spring of 1877 it became evident that he had resumed his dangerous work. Not that any officers saw him anywhere in this broad country, but a \$50 bill of the Central National Bank of New York City found its way into the market, and was subject to much controversy about its genuine issue. At last experts declared it a counterfeit. The existence of Ulrich was made known by his work, for no other known man could have cut the plate so accurately. Henry C. Cole had visited him in Columbus directly he received his pardon and induced him to break his pledge to abandon counterfeiting, offering to supply all the money for rent of quarters, tools, plates, and other necessities. Ulrich yielded, and the two passed beneath the noses of the detectives into Philadelphia, where Cole hired a house and Ulrich cut the plate for the \$50 bill. A batch representing \$100,000 was printed and distributed on the market by Cole. It was not until April, 1878, that the retreat of the men was discovered. By this time Ulrich had engraved the plates and Cole put into circulation a vast amount of counterfeit bills on the Central National Bank of New York City, the Third of Buffalo, and the national banks of Tamaqua and Hanover. Although Cole covered his tracks so shrewdly that the detectives who were watching him could obtain no evidence against him, it was deemed best by the two that they should separate. Accordingly, in October, 1878, Ulrich removed to Fanwood, N. J., where he hired a house, and entered apparently upon the life of a gentleman of leisure and means. He was of good appearance, he talked well, and dressed in good taste, and his mode of life attracted no attention among the neighbors. A detective, however, never lost sight of him. Ulrich came frequently to New York, and the invisible officer noted in his memorandum that the places he visited were principally shops where engravers' tools were kept. After a few trips to New York Ulrich secluded himself in his house, and seldom came out. Then the detectives knew that he had begun work on another plate. Chief James J. Brooks, of Washington, and Captain Curtis, of New York, had a conference and planned the arrest. A favorable time was chosen, and the officers dashed into the house on the 30th of November last.

Ulrich, in shirt sleeves, was working on the nearly finished plate of the back of a \$100 Treasury note. The engraving was a marvel of skill. Ulrich was doing by hand the fine net-work tracing that on the genuine notes is done by the geometrical lathe, a machine for which the Government paid \$100,000, because it was supposed it could do work that could not be counterfeited. It was said by Treasury officials who saw the plate that the imitation was so good that the notes printed from it would have passed anywhere without detection.

The officers still lacked the evidence to convict Cole, who remained in Philadelphia. They were satisfied that he furnished the capital to Ulrich, and Ulrich confessed as much to the officers. But better evidence was needed. Cole guarded his movements closely. Ulrich was arrested on the 30th of November. The detectives had him quietly committed without publicity, and he was used to bait a trap to catch Cole. For seven weeks a detective staid with Ulrich in the latter's own house, night and day waiting for Cole. At last Cole appeared. The officer was secreted, and Cole

and Ulrich talked over their plans. By Friday night, January 17th, Cole had so completely implicated himself that the waiting detective came from his hiding-place and arrested him. Cole has served a part of a short term for dealing in counterfeit money. He has been arrested a dozen times, but he always contrived to get off on defective evidence. It is said by the Secret Service officers that these counterfeit notes are the only ones in circulation, the plates of which have not been captured, and as both principal and engraver are now in custody, there is little doubt that the plates from which these were printed will soon be in the hands of the officers.

Owing to the reputation and skill of Ulrich, it is scarcely possible that the career of any other counterfeiter will compare with his in thrilling scenes and interest. Yet the Secret Service officers are kept on as constant a watch for them as the Internal Revenue officers are for the "moonshiners." In fact, there is much similarity in the location, secrecy and safeguards of a retreat of counterfeiters and of illicit distillers. For each operation apparatus and materials are required that in completeness, general utility and value, are far beneath those employed legitimately. In the case of metallic or coin counterfeiters, as seen in our engraving on page 409, from a sketch by a Secret Service officer, the machinery is crude, clumsy and inexpensive compared with that at the Philadelphia Mint. We have the furnace for melting the heavily alloyed metals, the molds for casting the ingots, the rollers for reducing them to strips of the required thickness, the cutting press for converting the strips into planchets, the milling machine and the coining press—in a word, a complete mint, but of inferior quality. In several instances where arrests have been made the entire work has been done in deep cellars; in others, in various parts of a building, where no suspicion would be excited, the melting in one room, the cutting and stamping in another, the assorting, counting and bundling in a third; while in other cases a separate building has been chosen for each operation—a distribution of labor made necessary owing to the vigilance of "shadowing" officers.

Although it is generally believed that the national bank and Treasury notes offer the best field for the counterfeiter, which he occupies by imitating both the plate and the patent paper, the various pieces of coined money satisfy the ambition of many, and a comparatively equal amount of skill is shown in cutting the dies and giving the metallic substance the peculiar shades of coined gold and silver.

OYSTER CULTURE.

THE INDUSTRIES OF CHESAPEAKE BAY.

A QUaint little city is Annapolis, the county seat of Anne Arundel, and capital of the State of Maryland. It is so rich in historical reminiscence that it is known as "ye ancient city." The town was founded in 1649, and was selected as the most desirable site for "ye greater city of ye South"; but events changed the current of progressive development, and Baltimore seized the crown. The city is charmingly located on the south bank of the River Severn, and but two miles distant from the Chesapeake Bay. The original settlement was called Providence, it was changed to Anne Arundeltown, and subsequently to Annapolis, after the good Queen Anne of England, of whom as wags are wont to say she is now defunct. In the noble State House, Washington surrendered his commission as Commander-in-chief of the American Army, and within the State House grounds is the Land Office, wherein are kept the original records of the Colonial Government. The United States Naval Academy occupies a superb position, the largest vessels in the navy being able to come alongside the Academy wharf at full tide. Many of the houses are pre-Revolution, and built of red English brick, the doors and windows being of the "severe classic," so much admired ere the House of Hanover reached the English throne. Dotted all over the bay, and as far as the eye can reach, are the boats of oyster fishermen during the oyster season—some close to land, others out at Tally's Point Reef, in search of luscious bivalves; while dredgers sail away down Chesapeake Bay, followed by the maledictions of those who work with tongs, from out frail-looking skiffs that reel and wobble with every movement of the muscular toiler of the deep. The finest oysters are the Roanokes, Rappahannocks, the Western Shores and Cherrystones. There are many other known descriptions, but these are supreme for fatness, fitness and flavor.

Tally's Point Reef is considered one of the finest oyster grounds in the United States. It is safe from the dreaded dredgers, the water being so shallow, but it is the favorite resort of small boats, each manned by an adult and a boy called a "culler," who is employed to take oysters from the tongs, to select the fish from the debris, and to dress the shells by means of a small hammer. A good culler will dress twenty-five baskets a day, or 3,750 oysters. One house in Annapolis opens 3,000 gallons of oysters per day, giving employment to one hundred men in "canning" for the West. As many as one hundred boats may be seen working on Tally's Point Reef at once, each taking thirty bushels a day or 450,000 oysters. If a sloop's captain is in want of oysters he suspends a basket at the foremast head, the small boats come to him, and as soon as he puts in his cargo he lowers his wicker flag of distress. The lone fishermen tell terrible tales of the dredgers. The fleet is known as the "Irish Fleet," from the names attached to the vessels. We passed under the sterns of the *Rose of Erin*, the *Banshee*, the *Mavourneen*, and others possessing equally suggestive titles. The lone fishermen say that these boats are manned by the street scrapings and by jail-birds, that the crews are as lawless as in the days of Captain Kidd, and little better than out and out pirates. Dredging is destructive to the smaller but not less vital interests of the small boats.

"Where I can pick up three with a tongs dredge will get fifty," said a lone fisherman to the writer. "Is there a luxury in a little time—the dredges crushes all the young iseters into pulp!"

The crew of the dredger runs from seven to ten men. The dredge is worked by a windlass, and two dredges are lowered at the same time at either side of the vessel.

"They goes to trawling grounds exempted from dredging and gets their six or seven hundred bushels a day."

"Surely the authorities take some steps to prevent this?" we asked.

"Yes," replied the lone one, "there's the police boat," pointing to a rakish-looking schooner, "but it can't be everywhere, and them fellows watch it as a cat watches a mouse," adding, with a grin of intense satisfaction, "there was two men abotlatel on board of dredgers."

"What is the value of a take of oysters to a dredger?"

"That depends on the state of the market—at

times a cargo is worth \$2,000, and at other times they goes in debt. Iseters is kinder tricky—sometimes they're worth a dollar a bushel, and then again they won't be worth their shell."

The waters close to the wharf of the Naval Academy are not open to small boats, but during the "hard winter" of 1870, when the ice was so thick in the bay as to prove invincible, the fishermen petitioned the naval authorities for permission to use the tongs in the prohibited waters. The request was complied with, and in one week 75,000 bushels of oysters were taken up by the tongs.

A boat manned by darkeys, the fisherman having treated his friends to the sail, leaves Annapolis to the music of a chorus that is faithfully borne over the sunlit waters; but ere the sun grows high in the heavens comes a change in wind, a nor'wester starts up, the snow begins to fall and the sleet to cut the skin, and then the only hope for keeping up the circulation is a vigorous working of the tongs, while the skiff rocks in the chopping sea, every moment threatening to capsize.

There are 4,000 licensed oyster boats in the waters of the Chesapeake. "Shucking," or oyster opening, is a regular profession at Annapolis. One firm employs 750 shuckers who shuck over 100,000 bushels a week. A smart man will shuck from twenty to twenty-four pots of six pints each, one bushel to a pot, a day, for which he is paid at the rate of twenty cents a pot. Shucking gives employment to about fifty white girls, who earn from ten to eighteen dollars a week. These girls have nothing in common with the stereotyped fishwife about them; on the contrary, they are modest, refined, intelligent and highly industrious. One couple—a man and wife—were pointed out to the writer as shuckers who had, by shucking alone, saved \$10,000.

The Kaiser at Home.

HIS MAJESTY's standard is again floating over his palace at Berlin, and everything in the imperial household has resumed its customary appearance. At noon when the soldiers, on mounting duty, pass the Linden, the Emperor never fails to look at them from the corner window of his study, where his face may also frequently be perceived by the many people coming from far and near to have a glimpse of their revered sovereign. The aged monarch, not heeding the admonitions of his physicians, has undertaken the full burden of Government. From early morning to a comparatively late hour of the evening the Kaiser is busily occupying himself with the discharge of the affairs of State. The only relaxation he allows himself consists in a drive through the Thiergarten, generally between the hours of two and three. Not the least precaution is observed by him in these open-air exercises. He is always accompanied by one of his adjutants on duty, who have pledged their word to each other never to leave him alone in his rides or drives.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

M. Gambetta Addressing the Commercial Travelers.

The recent crisis in French politics, averted on January 20th by a compromise between the Government and the Left which resulted in the passage of a resolution of confidence in the Ministry, by a vote of 223 to 121, attracted a greater share of attention than usual to M. Leon Gambetta. It was believed he had planned the attack upon the Ministry, and if he had ascended the tribune and delivered a speech in accordance with his known convictions the result would have been far different. To his forbearance in this respect is credited the great victory of the Government. The compromise was due in a great measure to his personal efforts. And just here it was asserted that he was awaiting an opportunity more auspicious, if such is possible, for putting himself forward. For, had he so willed, he could have caused the defeat of the motion and the overthrow of the Ministry; and then? Gambetta himself would have been called upon to form another Cabinet. This is what his intimates say he does not want, for he prefers to wield his vast influence among the Deputies, rather than occupy the position of the mouthpiece and apologist of the Government. For a man of forty years Gambetta's political position is a peculiarly responsible one, yet he bears his honors and burdens in a manner quite free from arrogance. With all the official and party cares upon him, he finds time to deliver innumerable addresses upon all manner of subjects, his latest appearance outside of the Chamber of Deputies being at the banquet of commercial travelers.

The Electric Light on the Victoria Embankment.

The trial of the Jablockhoff system of electric lighting upon the Thames Embankment, between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, has proved beyond all possibility of dispute its practicability and efficiency. There are twenty lamps, the light from which is moderated by means of opalescent glass globes. They are placed about 120 feet apart along the river-side parapet, some of the old gas-pipes serving as standards for them, and from each lamp the electric conductor, consisting of seven strands of fine copper wire, surrounded by two coats of insulating material, is carried down the pipe, and thence along the subway to the engine-house, from which the furthest light is 730 yards distant. The engine, which works at the rate of 140 strokes a minute, turning the magnets of the Gramme machine at the rate of 600 revolutions per minute, is one of twenty horse-power. On the first night of the trial only ten lamps were used, but the whole number are now nightly in operation, and the general effect is most satisfactory. The light is strong and clear, the entire roadway of the Embankment being brilliantly illuminated, and the rays extending on the other side far across the river itself, whilst the intervening gas jets only serve as tools to set off the beauty and brilliancy of their new rivals. Large print can be easily read at a distance of fifty feet, whilst the smaller kinds used in newspapers are distinctly legible at thirty. The electric light in itself is absolutely colorless, the reddish tinge observable when this system is employed resulting from the plaster of Paris used in the construction of the "candle."

The Afghan War.

The journey from Lahore to Jhelum is made by rail, and, beyond the latter, which is on a river of the same name, is continued to Peshawar by the high road. Military stores are carried on bullock-wagons, which make an average speed of two miles an hour. The driver, squatting on a small board in front of his vehicle, bears a "chabook," or whip, to mend the pace of the "bile," which is the Hindostanee word for a bullock. If that will not do, he seizes the animal's tail, and gives it a twist, which seldom fails of its due effect. It reminds one of handling a boat's rudder to steer its course, for the tail, like the bride, may serve to direct the animal to the right or to the left. After Sir Samuel Browne had captured the Fort of Ali Musjid, on December 21st, he gave permission to the native camp-followers to plunder or loot the enemy's tents. There were many dishes, cups, rugs, belts, drums, and some "poshteens," or sheepskin overcoats, which have the woolly side in-

wards, like Brian O'Lynn's breeches, and their edges fringed with the wool, all colored yellow. Such coats are worn by the cavalry of the Punjab Guides. The loot parties were allowed to carry off every article they desired save the tents and stray arms. The sketch of the Eighth Bengal Cavalry on the march to Quettah needs little or no mention beyond the fact that the road to Quettah, through the Bolan Pass, was, as we have previously stated, exceedingly arduous, and especially so for cavalry. Still the transportation of baggage was far more rapid than that of the commissariat stores by the bullock-teams. The engraving of a sub-division of a mountain battery is from a photograph, and shows the position of the pieces and men when drawn up for action.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE breeding of silk-worms has been attempted at Montevideo, with brilliant success.

—WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS made 150,000 barrels of cider the past season, and temperance people are aghast.

—THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has prohibited female singers in the choirs of his diocese after June 1st.

—THE Cincinnati authorities have decreed that bakers must stamp the weight upon every loaf of bread they offer for sale.

—THE tribe of Oldtown Indians, in Maine, is said to have lost, under the influence of education, almost all traces of its native character.

—ALL the prison officials throughout Russia are to be armed with revolvers, as a precaution against suspected nihilist plots to liberate the prisoners.

—KENTUCKY horses now find such a ready market in this country and England, Kentucky breeders are going into the horse-raising business more extensively than ever.

—THE French wine crop last year fell off 48,700,000 hectolitres compared with the yield of 1877, and 8,093,000 compared with the average of the decade. Causes, phylloxera and oidium.

—It is expected that London will be very dull till after Easter, and that there will be no Court festivities with the exception of those connected with the Duke of Connaught's marriage.

—THE Yellow Fever Relief Committee in Grenada, Miss., has published its report, showing that it received \$24,493 in subscriptions, disbursed \$16,298, and now has claims before it for \$12,260.

—THE newly created Humboldt Academy at Berlin was opened on January 13th. Its purpose is to give a sort of university education to persons who have not qualified themselves for entering a regular university.

—A BILL has been introduced into the St. Louis Municipal Assembly making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine to ring bells on churches, convents, schools or factories, or anywhere that the noise will disturb people.

—It is positively stated that in 1790 Virginia advanced the United States Government \$120,000, and Maryland \$70,000, to aid in building the Federal Capitol, and that both these sums, with interest, are still due the States named.

—DURING the next six months the French Government will have at its disposition in the Legion of Honor five nominations to the grade of grand officer, eighteen to that of commander, seventy-seven to that of officer, and 450 to that of chevalier.

—SAN FRANCISCO records about two thousand marriages during the past year, and nearly three hundred divorces. The grounds of separations were adultery, desertion, cruelty, and failure to provide. The decrees were in favor of the husband in less than one-fourth of the cases.

—PEOPLE may live to see a vast inland sea in Africa, in the natural basin to the north of the desert of Sahara. M. de Lesseps's surveyors have found that the country through which it is proposed to cut a canal is of sand and soft earth, and entirely free from rocks or other obstacles.

—IN 1874 there were four gold mills in operation in Georgia—there are now over forty. There were then about forty stamps at work—there are now nearly five hundred. The stamps at work now will get over \$500,000 in gold bullion during this year if not another stamp is added.

—ENGLAND wants to buy out and out certain Crown lands in Cyprus, and offers Turkey £15,000 for them. The Turks, however, pay England the complement of asking \$55,000, on the ground that the value of the lands will largely increase under a beneficent British administration.

—THERE are fifty-eight tramways in the United Kingdom, with £4,207,350 expended capital and 268½ miles of track, 1,124 cars and 9,222 horses. The roads carried last year 146,001,223 passengers, their total receipts being £1,145,465, and the net receipts £230,956, or 5½ per cent. on the capital.

—THE Prohibitionists of Ohio are endeavoring to secure the passage of an amendment to the Constitution of the State prohibiting the manufacture or importation of alcoholic liquors in the State except for use as a medicine. They want to get 200,000 signatures to a petition in its favor before the 20th of February.

—HARD times in Berlin. More than 200,000 persons, according to a statement prepared by Herr Zimmermann, were last year prosecuted for non-payment of income tax, and in the great majority of cases a seizure of the effects of the defaulters yielded nothing. More than 120,000 persons were prosecuted for having failed to pay their rent.

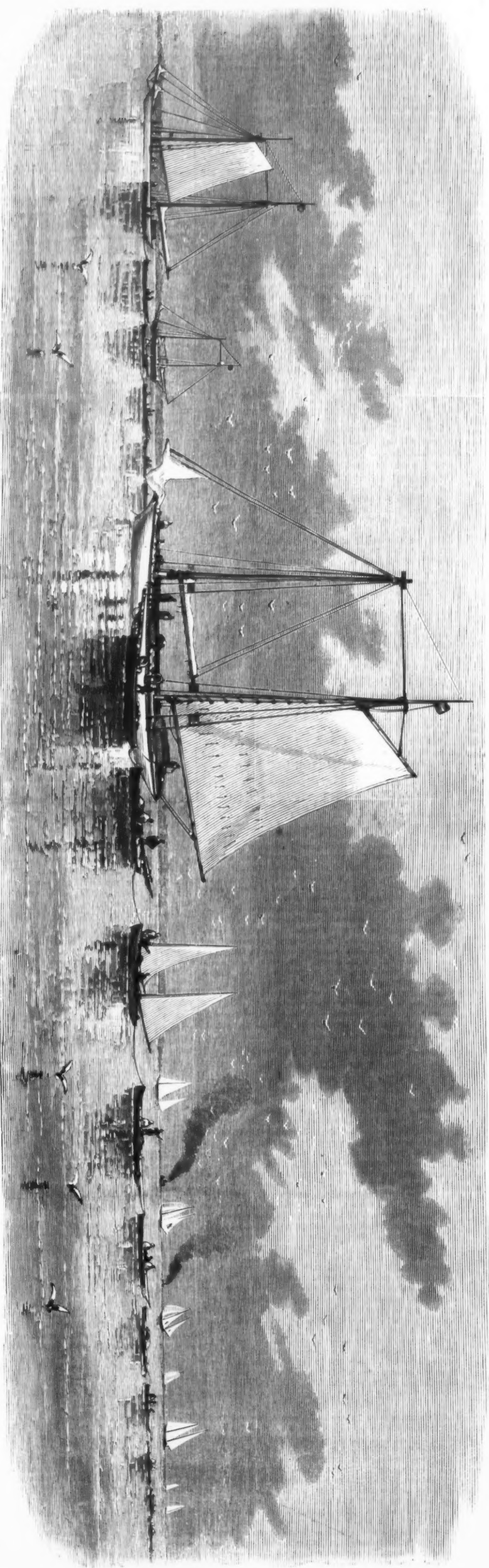
—A CO-OPERATIVE store has been established in Paris by English capitalists, which employs about ninety persons, and deals in almost everything required by housekeepers. The capital is \$500,000. The London co-operative societies report handsome profits. One concern, upon sales of \$5,200,000, is said to have realized \$130,000 clear of expenses, though selling about twenty per cent. below the ordinary retail prices.

—THE number of passengers landed at New York from foreign countries during the last year was 121,369; the alien numbered 75,347. This shows an increase of 20,811 as compared with 1877. The number coming by steamer was 83,801. Of these 30,586 remained in New York, 7,855 were distributed in the Middle States; 33,653 in the West and Northwestern States; 4,921 in the Eastern States; 1,666 in the Southern States; 1,011 in Canada; and 97 in South America.

—THE Senate of Virginia refused, by a very decided majority, to repeal the whipping-post law. A Richmond correspondent says: "The infliction of corporal punishment since the adoption of the law has saved a very large amount in criminal charges to the Commonwealth. It has proved to be a good law in this city. Formerly the docket of our police court was crowded with petty larceny cases; under the new order of things these cases have been very greatly diminished. Petty thieves are afraid of the lash."

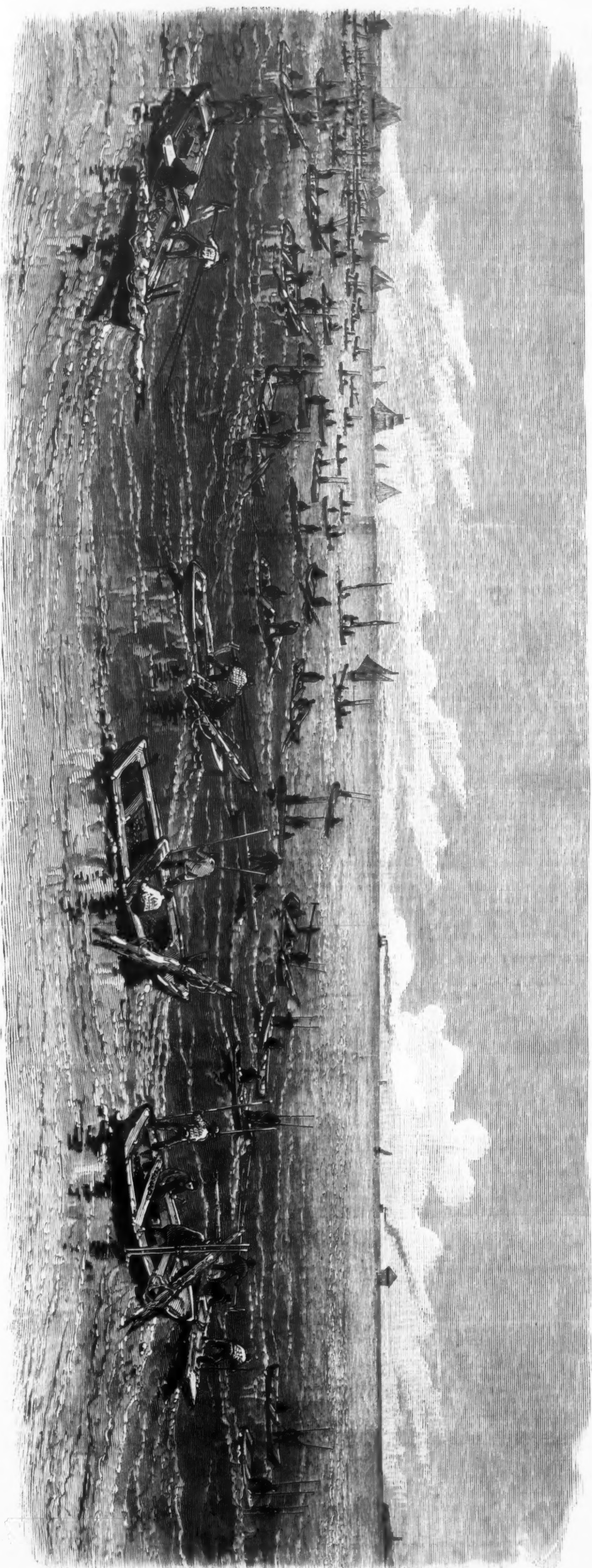


FAVORITE BED FOR SMALL BOATS.—GATHERING AND DRESSING OYSTERS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



SMALL BOATS ANSWERING SIGNAL OF SLOOP, "WANT OYSTERS," IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

MARYLAND.—AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.—GATHERING OYSTERS IN THE GREAT BEDS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY, NEAR ANNAPOLIS.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 411



RAKING FOR OYSTERS OFF TALLY'S POINT REEF, CHESAPEAKE BAY.



A SECRET MARRIAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THE DUKE DE POMAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE HONEYMOON," "THROUGH THE AGES,"
"WHO IS SHE?" "FASHION AND PASSION," ETC.

BOOK THIRD.

THE MYSTERIOUS HEIRESS.

CHAPTER XI.—GLAMOUR BECOMES MORE PUZZLED
THAN EVER.

GLAMOUR is sitting in his study, and Monsignore Berretta stands beside him.

Perhaps for the first time in his life the strongest tendencies of his nature are rushing in one mighty current instead; of being divided into several narrow channels, and the Italian seems fully aware of this, as he observes him in silence with his keen eyes that appear to possess a greater power than those of other men.

"So you have not been able to find out anything about her?"

"No. Lady Rollingsford received me with her usual cold politeness; she was exceedingly gracious, and the thought of your taking such an interest in her young protégé seemed to be highly gratifying to her, for she is very fond of her it appears. But she refused to tell me anything about her, and I begin to fear that there is a mysterious link, more powerful than we imagine, existing between her and Miss Reymond."

The young duke bows his head in silence, and appears to relapse into a reverie.

Monsignore has a very difficult task to perform. He not only desires that Glamour should become a member of the Church, but he would have him marry, not a girl like Miss Reymond, whose antecedents no one seems to know anything about, but into a really old Catholic family, in the bosom of which he might continue to remain a strict adherent to the faith of Rome. He has nothing to say against the young lady, but he would rather his friend should not marry her. Perhaps—who knows?—Mademoiselle Robertoff has been speaking to him concerning her marrying young Cassilis, and his sympathies are already enlisted on that gentleman's side. He looks excited, yet passive, almost breathless with solicitude, and yet conscious of the great responsibility of his position. His keen eyes are fixed on Glamour's aristocratic countenance as if they would read all the thoughts that are passing through his mind. His voice is at all times low, but to-day he speaks almost in whispers, though it is in whispers full of emphasis and that convey a whole world of meaning in them.

The bewildered nobleman rises presently, paces the room with downcast eyes, and says, more to himself than to his faithful mentor (for he seems unconscious of the excited interest with which the latter watches every change of expression that passes over his agitated face).

"I not know if I love her or not—I like her, and I would fain make her my wife; and yet, as you say truly, a man in my position can scarcely sacrifice everything he owes, both to society and to his faith, in order to gratify the desires of his heart. Ah, life is most unsatisfactory, even at its best; it is a dreary dilemma betwixt thought and action."

"What makes life dreary and unsatisfactory is the want of a motive," the Italian says, startling him with his voice, though he speaks almost in a whisper. "When once your faith is settled, my dear duke, you will find life anything but unsatisfactory."

"If there was but one church I could see my way clearly enough."

"There is only one Church, believe me. The more you study its tenets, the more you will perceive that it is the only one which is indestructible and omnipotent over the erring heart of man."

"The claim of Rome to orthodoxy seems to me irresistible; but yet what is orthodoxy? What men call orthodox in England Frenchmen call heretical; and yet England is a very religious nation."

"If England were indeed a religious nation, do you think that there would be so many different sects? England was once the island of saints, and her sovereigns were the defenders of the faith; but, alas, what has become of their faith now?"

Never have Monsignore's arguments seemed so plausible to Glamour; his cultivated intellect is aroused even to enthusiasm by the warm, passionate accents, and he opens his heart to them, and imbibes all their satisfying nourishment with the avidity of a man who has been for many a long day deprived of the bread of life.

"My son," the Italian concludes by saying, "Satan is trying you, though you know it not; twice blessed if you stand the test. You are destined for a glorious work, believe me, Glamour; your mission is second to none, if it be estimated at the value of its possible results."

I began this chapter by saying that at last all Glamour's intensest longings are directed into one mighty current, instead of being, as has been the case until now, divided into several channels, each of which was too narrow to satisfy him, and between which he could not make up his mind to choose. And such indeed is the case. All his tendencies now draw him towards the Church of Rome; and having at last found a man like Berretta to guide his faltering steps, he feels that the time for philosophical speculations is over, and that he must, in spite of himself, take a decisive step ere it be too late.

CHAPTER XII.—FRANK REYMOND'S DAUGHTER.

MRS. CHAMPION, made acquainted by a letter from Glamour with Lady Rollingsford's ultimatum, begins to fear that a match between him and the daughter of Frank Reymond is not quite such an easy thing to arrange as she had imagined.

Will Lady Rollingsford never relent? Will she persist in keeping the secret of Louisa's birth all

her life, thus putting a barrier between her and her happiness?"

Ordering her carriage that very afternoon, she drives into town and calls at Rollingsford House.

Lady Rollingsford receives her in her little boudoir down-stairs.

As usual, she is perfectly composed, and looks as calm and cold as a marble statue. She appears younger than Mrs. Champion, and her stern demeanor only adds majesty to her stately figure. Mrs. Champion trembles for her cause when she sees her, for her great knowledge of human nature tells her at once how difficult it will be to inspire such a being with anything like sympathy for another, especially when it is to the prejudice of herself.

"I have just heard of your interview with Monsignore Berretta, Lady Rollingsford," she says, as soon as the stereotyped phrases of greeting have passed between them.

"Indeed!" she answers, smilingly.

"The Duke of Glamour loves Louisa, and is ready to marry her; but, of course, he cannot do so unless he is made aware of her real name and position."

"You would have liked me to tell that cunning priest my secret, then? Ah, Mrs. Champion, you expect too much!"

"I only ask you to show ordinary consideration for the poor girl, and not to destroy all her chances of future happiness, as you are doing."

"You speak well. It is certainly a grand thing to be able to speak well; but yet words are not actions. I have done more for the girl than you have, though you express your love for her in such warm terms."

"Perhaps you do not approve of the duke's suit?"

"I have nothing to say against it. I will not attempt to deny that I shall be sorry to part with her, as I have grown to appreciate all her good qualities, and I shall certainly miss her when she leaves me; yet I suppose it will be for her good, and so I am ready to sacrifice my comfort to her happiness. I could not wish a better husband for her than the duke."

"I can understand your objecting to tell the history of her birth to a man like Berretta, whom, let us hope, Glamour will find out ere it be too late; but surely you can have no objection to reveal your secret to the man who is going to marry your adopted daughter?"

"I will never reveal what you are pleased to call my secret to any one. When I adopted Louisa, it was on the condition that the secret of her birth should never be divulged. I have done everything that I could for her; I have been a mother to her; I have given her a first-rate education, and have obtained for her a position in society such as her own mother could never have dreamed of; all this I have done in remembrance of Frank Reymond, who believed her to be his daughter, and begged of me to look after her as such. But do you think that I will endanger my position in society, and dishonor my spotless name, in order to secure for her a brilliant match? No, Mrs. Champion; you ask too much."

"Yet she is your husband's daughter; and by rights all his property, even to this very house, belongs to her. You have deprived her of the rank and the fortune that by law belong to her. Don't you think that you owe her something in return for all these injuries?"

"By law! You seem to forget that I am Lord Rollingsford's widow, and that by his own will all his property was left unconditionally to me. He was never married before. The *liaison* on which you seem to place such importance was not a real marriage. No proofs of it exist, and even that wretched woman herself could never establish the shadow of a claim to his name or title. Besides, how do we know that Louisa is my husband's daughter, after all? She is not in the least like him, either in feature or in character, and we have only Marie Gautier's word for it."

"You do not believe, then, that she is Frank Reymond's daughter?"

"I think it is just as likely that she should be the daughter of any one else—the Count de la Mazerolle, for instance, with whom every one knows her mother was living at the time of her birth."

"Alas, how true it is that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children! Lady Rollingsford, I am sure you are mistaken, and yet I cannot prove it."

"I thought that you would never have mentioned this unpleasant subject again. I have your solemn pledge never to reveal the secret to any one, and I believed that even to me you would have had the good taste never to have mentioned it. But I see I was mistaken; and yet you did not hesitate to accept my ten thousand pounds!"

Mrs. Champion's face flushes scarlet.

"Madam," she answers, rising, and looking down upon the great lady with supreme contempt, "that money you forced upon me; I never asked for it, and you sent it to me after I had already promised to keep your secret. But it shall be returned to you; not another week shall pass ere it is paid back, every penny of it—yes, and with interest, too—into your own hand!"

"I do not want the money!" Lady Rollingsford exclaims, frightened at what she has done; "you are welcome to keep it."

"Ay, but I want you to release me from my promise."

"That I can never do. You promised to keep my secret, and you must do so; it is too late now to retract or change your mind. You have a prejudice against oaths. No wonder. Oaths may remind one who, like you, is so apt to change her mind, with unpleasant force of perjury. Still, you told me that day in Paris that you considered your word as binding as an oath; I will not insult you by doubting for a second that such, indeed, is the case."

CHAPTER XIII.—AT THE RACES.

I NOW take my readers to one of the most lovely spots in merry England—the park of Sandown, near the picturesque little village of Esher.

On the fine clear Spring day when we contemplate this favorite spot a dense crowd of people fills the inclosure; the grand stand is full of

gayly attired ladies and men of all grades; whilst a more exclusive set of privileged mortals occupy the members' stand, or promenade up and down the lawn, listening to the martial strains of the military band, and anxiously waiting for the saddling-bell to ring and for the hoisting of the telegram-board, whilst they discuss the chances of the different horses, and make up their last sweep-stake before the race.

Every train from London arrives at the little station above the course filled with people, for the fine day and the brilliant Spring sun have tempted many to repair to what they are pleased still to call the "country," who, as a rule, take but little interest in racing; the greater number, however, are men whose faces are better known at Newmarket than in Piccadilly. But though the rail can convey one so quickly and for so little expense to the very gates of Sandown Park, many have the good taste to prefer driving down, and various drags and landaus and wagonettes and conveyances of all kinds arrive on the course, and take up their place in front of the grand stand, making the place look like a second Ascot or a miniature Epsom.

On one of these, a large drag drawn by a beautiful team of grays, on whose silver harness appears on every available spot a count's coronet, we perceive, sitting on the box-seat, by the side of the saucy and ever-smiling Mademoiselle de Robertoff—whom some one in the grand stand has just named, and I think with some reason, "the first favorite of the day"—our old friend Louisa Reymond, Lady Rollingsford's adopted daughter.

She is looking perhaps a trifle thinner and paler than when we saw her at the end of last season, but her wondrous dark eyes have lost none of their fire, and even compared with the sly, saucy, almost wicked, yet ever-smiling eyes of the brilliant girl beside her, they shine with an effulgence unrivaled. She is most elegantly dressed in a complete *toilet des courses*, in rich *faisle* of the shade known as *violet Ophélie*. Her dark brown hair is drawn off her face and discloses her beautifully-shaped forehead; and her coquettish *chapeau-capote* of violet-colored *crêpe* is adorned at the back with a profusion of mauve ribbons which fall gracefully over the hair.

Louisa has never looked more lovely in her life; at least so thinks the gay Cassilis, who sits just behind her on the top of the drag, his elbows resting upon the large Fortnum & Mason basket which contains the luncheon, as he leans over her, and every now and then joins in the animated conversation between the two young ladies, who both seem in great form to-day, and who are at all times a good match for each other in a combat of words.

A strange, sad look, however, overshadows the generally bright countenance of the mysterious heiress, and causes her at times to look almost melancholy—a rare thing in one so full of health and life, and who would seem to have been born for nothing but happiness, and which is particularly noticeable to-day amidst such a gay spirit-stirring scene as this.

What can she be thinking about? Can it be that her thoughts have wandered back to last season, when she used to converse for hours together with the clever and talented young duke, whose wife she at one time hoped to become? But no: she has just heard the news of his approaching marriage with the beautiful Gwladys de Beverley confirmed by one who of all men is a reliable authority, Monsignore Berretta himself; and she heard it with a smile playing upon her coral lips, and without a pang of regret, at least to all outward appearance, troubling her heart.

Is her mind dwelling on the one curse of her life—the one dark point in her bright and dazzling existence—the mysterious secret of her birth and parentage? Perhaps. Yet why should she trouble herself about what is out of her power ever to settle satisfactorily? Is she not courted by all, respected by the whole world, welcomed into the highest society in the land? Is not her adopted mother as kind and lenient to her as if she were indeed her own child, and will she not inherit at her death a fortune which kings might envy? No; the mystery that surrounds her seems but to add to her attractions, and she is well aware of this. Were she, indeed, the daughter of a royal house, as she has so often imagined in her dreams, she could not possibly be more courted or flattered by the crowd of admirers who surround her, and amidst whom she passes almost for a Corinne, only more beautiful and more mysterious than even Madame de Staël's world-famed heroine.

No; it is evident that we must seek some other reason for her mysterious melancholy.

I have already remarked that Rupert Cassilis is sitting just behind her on the drag. The gay young fellow also seems at times sad and downcast, his conversation is scarcely as lively as usual, he but seldom laughs; and it is strange, too, that every time he addresses Louisa, however trifling or commonplace his remark may be, that young lady trembles, as a sensitive plant might do at the gentlest touch, and an expression in which both pain and joy are mingled steals over her lovely young face.

The truth is that matters between them have come to a crisis at last, and that it was not by accident that the saucy Mademoiselle de Robertoff advised her aunt to invite Rupert and Miss Reymond to be of their party to these races.

Louisa is fully conscious of the clever little lady's manoeuvres. For some time past she has been almost hourly expecting a proposal from the handsome Rupert, for since we last met them he has become a constant visitor at Rollingsford House, and his attentions to her have been most marked; and yet—strange contradiction of the human heart—though she admires him above all men, and feels happy only in his company, though his looks cause her heart to beat faster, and his most commonplace remark brings a blush to her cheek, she yet dreads to hear this very confession of love for which she now almost longs, and would fain place an ocean between them even at this moment, though such a separation would almost kill her.

Several races have been run and won and lost; the whole scene seems to her more like a dream than a reality; even the witty remarks of her bright little companion fall unheeded on her ear, for Cassilis is leaning over, and, though he but seldom speaks, she can feel his warm breath fanning

her cheek. She knows that the moment has come, she knows that this day will decide her fate, that yonder glorious sun will not shine another day upon the free Miss Reymond, that the most ardent desire of her heart is about to be accomplished; yet she trembles, and would fain send from her side him whom she loves so dearly.

Presently Mademoiselle de Robertoff suggests that they should descend from their elevated position and take a turn on the lawn, and look out for their friends and acquaintances amidst the gay, bustling crowd.

Lightly as a sylph she descends from her uncle's drag, her aunt the countess and Louisa being obliged to follow her example; and once on the ground she manages so that, whilst she herself takes her aunt's arm, Cassilis is obliged to offer his to Miss Reymond. And thus they all four cross the course and enter the inclosure beyond, where, as it was only to be expected, they soon get separated by the crowd; and when Louisa turns round to speak to Countess Sartorius, she finds that that lady and her fairy-like niece are no longer near her, and that she is alone with Rupert—alone though in the midst of a crowd—and that purposefully or unconsciously he is pressing her hand in his, and drawing her closer to him.

She looks up into his face as if to seek for protection, and his light blue eyes, so full of deep meaning, so sweet, so pure, and so intense in their expression, meet hers. She can doubt no longer—he loves her!

Yet his conversation is unlike that of a lover; a few passing remarks, perhaps more cutting and facetious than charitable, about the mutual friends whom they happen to pass in their walk, a racy anecdote, or the odds just offered by Tattersall's men against such or such a horse. But how sweet they sound in her ears! Ah, it is not necessary for a handsome young lover to describe beautiful palaces by the Lake of Como in glowing language and enchanting verse, that his lady-love, if she be really in love with him, may hang, even as the bee upon the flower, upon the honey of his words.

"Look who is coming this way, Miss Reymond," he says, pointing out to her a tall, graceful lady, most elegantly attired, who leans on the arm of a middle-aged man, with a not over-aristocratic countenance. Lady Victoria Fitzcharles—at least, I beg her pardon—that was, and unfortunately is no more—Lady Victoria Sadfall."

Louisa looks up and recognizes the lady in question, who, as Cassilis has just informed us, has indeed changed her name at last.

As I said when I first had the pleasure of introducing this amiable and talented lady to my readers, Lady Victoria has passed the age of sweet April-like eighteen. From her earliest youth she had been led to believe that she was destined to make a grand marriage; in fact, that she had only to make her appearance in the world for every man to fall in love with her immediately. But, alas! years passed, seasons succeeded season, and the handsome and clever daughter of his late Grace of Warrington—for handsome and clever she is, there is no denying that—saw every girl of her acquaintance, one after the other, marry and settle down, whilst she still remained unmarried, and she began to dread that, after all, she would end by being an old maid. She perceived with dismay that every year the chances of her ever making a grand marriage became more and more problematic; the idea of dying an old maid did not please her at all; and so, after refusing a marquis and three earls during her first season, an earl and two barons during her second and third, two viscounts and a baronet during her fourth, fifth and sixth, and a couple of baronets and a rich knight some time during her seventh and eighth London seasons, seeing that the Prince Charming of her dreams did not arrive, and was not likely now ever to do so, she has just bestowed herself upon plain Mr. Sadfall, who is not enormously rich either; and glad enough she was to accept him, too—at least, so some people say.

"How proud the fellow seems of his new wife!" Cassilis remarks to his companion.

"He may well be so; she is a beautiful woman; fancy her marrying a man like that!—Lady Victoria, too, who used to look so high for a husband, and who is said to have refused a duke!" replies Louisa, as she bows to her.

"Yes, the Duke of Glamour, I believe," answers, Cassilis, maliciously, and looking at her to see what effect his words produce.

Louisa suddenly turns pale, and he feels the hand resting so gracefully on his arm is trembling like the branch of a tree when stricken by the storm.

"Nonsense," she says, trying to appear calm and composed—"nonsense; why, that was the year she came out, and the Duke of Glamour only made his first appearance in London society last season; he must have been a boy at Eton at the time."

"I meant no harm; how seriously you take it! Well, he, too, is safely disposed of at last. Do you know, this Miss de Beverley he is going to marry? No!" Then carelessly, yet still watching her closely, "Well, anyhow, I am sure I have often seen him flirting with Lady Victoria."

"The duke never flirts!"

"No? Only with you, you mean, of course."

"Mr. Cassilis, I wish you would not be personal."

Rupert, though a little disconcerted at the effect which the mention of the duke's name has produced upon his companion, has pity upon her, and looking once more in the direction of the Lady Victoria, who has stopped at a little distance from them, and is conversing with a couple of tall, showy women, wondrously attired, he mutters, half aloud:

"True love—true love! Miss Reymond, do you think that such a thing exists?"

"What a question! How can I tell?"

"Do you know these ladies she is talking to?"

"Yes; Mrs. Harley Topham and her daughter."

"She, too, is a bride. I heard all about her marriage yesterday at Green's. Well, she for one has not thrown herself away, according to worldly ideas. I hear her husband is immensely rich, and a peer; but I wonder which of the two will be the happier?"

"Surely you are not going to philosophize upon marriage?"

"And why not? Is it not a subject that interests us all?"

"Lady Pike's dress interests me much more at this moment," Louisa says, trying to hide her confusion. "Let us walk nearer to them; I want to see how it is made."

Cassilis gives her his arm once more, and after walking close by the little group formed by the three fashionable ladies and Mr. Sadfall, who seems consciously out of place amongst them, they leave the racecourse, and are soon wandering arm-in-arm through those beautiful woods which form such a picturesque background to this racecourse.

The trees are thick, the furzes and brushwood that conceal the ground are high, the solitude seems perfect; they might be walking through a primeval forest. The long looked-for opportunity has come at last, and the handsome Cassilis, no longer afraid of being overheard, pours out his heart into hers, and confesses his love. His passionate, soul-stirring words are irresistible—his very looks seem to kindle love in her youthful heart. What can she say? What can she answer? In vain she tries to persuade herself that she does not care for him; she loves him, and she knows but too well that she will have to yield before long; yet she, who has so long imagined that nothing less than a peer would be good enough for her, begins to fear that she would be doing a great wrong to this man if she married him.

"No, no!" she cries, turning away from him; "you must not love me; you do not know who I am."

"As if that mattered, my darling! A name—what is there in a name? A rose—"

"It matters more than you imagine. What will your family say? What will the world think of your marrying a poor girl like me, who does not even possess a name?"

"I will give you a name which no one will be able to take away from you. You need a protector! Let me be that protector; once my wife, who will dare to question your origin?"

"Ah!"

"You consent? You promise to be my wife?"

"I cannot promise yet. Lady Rollingford's great kindness has bound me to her in such a way that I should not feel justified in accepting any one as a husband without her consent."

"I will talk to Lady Rollingford; she loves you; she will give her consent, I feel sure of it."

"Very well. See her, then, and find out from her all about me. If she gives her consent, and if she informs you of my real name and parentage, I will be your wife; but if she refuses to do this, promise me in your turn that you will never speak to me of love again. I should be miserable for life if I thought that in marrying me you brought into your family a nameless girl they would be ashamed to own. If you can discover who I am, then, Mr. Cassilis, I will be your wife, but not till then."

"My love, not a doubt troubles me now; I am so happy. Ah! you cannot imagine how happy you have made me, for your words tell me that you love me."

"Hush! Let us now return to the lawn; the countess must be getting anxious about us. Hush, not another word!"

Offering his arm to her, they quit the solitude of the woods, but as they approach the entrance of the members' enclosure a tall, picturesque-looking gypsy—one of those women who are always to be found at races—approaches them. She is attired in the humble peasant garb generally affected by her race, and a scarlet cloak and hood cover her head and shoulders.

She asks in a shrill voice if they would like to have their fortunes told.

Louisa laughs good-naturedly, she feels so happy at this moment; and taking off her glove she presents to the gitana her tiny little hand, which Rupert, echoing her laughter, crosses with a silver piece.

For a few moments the gypsy remains silent, holding the delicate taper fingers of the young lady in her own brown and weather-beaten hand. Then her face becomes suddenly clouded, as if she were displeased and disconcerted by what she has discovered there.

"You will soon be married, my pretty young lady—you will soon be married—and to a tall, handsome man with blue eyes and fair hair."

"Is that all?" Louisa exclaims, seeing that the gitana is about to release her hand.

"Would you care to hear more?" she says, half sadly.

"Yes, of course! Shall I be happy? Will this handsome husband you promise me, will he love me very much?"

"Shall I speak the truth?" the gypsy says, turning round towards young Cassilis.

"Yes; tell her all she wants to know; here is more money for you," he says, dropping another coin into her hand.

"But you will not be angry with the poor gypsy?"

"Angry! what nonsense! Fire away; but don't be long, for our friends are waiting for us."

The poor woman again takes Louisa's hand in hers, and, after examining the lines upon it for a few seconds in silence, she murmurs in a low, almost unearthly tone, that to the frightened lovers sounds like the voice of some supernatural being.

"You will be married before this year is out; you will be very happy at first—yes, very happy—but afterwards a dreadful doubt will begin to trouble your soul; you will be miserable. Pretty lady, beware of jealousy; it is the poor gypsy who tells you so. Your husband will soon get tired of you; he will seek for other amusements. You will be very unhappy, though, perhaps, not for long, for if you succeed in bringing him back, he will be for ever after faithful to you. Yet if you could see into the future as the poor gypsy can, I do not think you would change your lot."

Miss Oscott is not a girl to be easily discouraged. She had made up her mind to place the Duke of Glamour on her list of friends, and, in spite of all the misadventures with which their acquaintance had commenced, she has at last succeeded in making of the wealthy young peer an intimate friend of her family.

It is at a large dinner-party at her father's house that we again have the honor of meeting

her. The cardinal archbishop is dining with them, and to meet him several members of the principal Catholic families in London have been invited, and Glamour, strange as it may seem, is of the party.

The cardinal has acted for some years as a sort of guardian to the young nobleman, and, though they have of late seldom met, their esteem for one another is very great; and Monsignore Berretta has kept his eminence duly informed of the gradual changes that have been taking place lately in his ward's but too impressionable mind.

After dinner he leads Glamour into an inner drawing-room, where no one presumes to follow them, and, seating themselves on a sofa, they are soon engaged in a deep and all-absorbing conversation.

The gentlemen have just entered the drawing-room, and Monsignore Berretta—who, of course, is one of the party—makes his way immediately towards a group of ladies who are sitting in a corner of the room, and are engaged in a most animated conversation, in which he speedily took part.

At last the red robes of the archbishop are seen at the further end of the room. His eminence's face is elated with joy, and his eyes sparkle with unusual brilliancy. Every one in that room feels as if a great object had been attained, and every heart beats faster. Glamour, looking very solemn and thoughtful, walks beside the cardinal, and when Sir Charles Oscott approaches him, bows with that dignified air of graceful simplicity which is so natural to him, yet which on this occasion seems almost forced and constrained.

Conversation now becomes general and animated, and very soon turns on religious topics. It is the eve of a great religious ceremony, and the cardinal is most anxious that every one present should attend it.

"You will be there too, I trust, duke," Miss Oscott says, addressing herself to Glamour.

"All our nobility will be there, all the faithful, and several others too, who sympathize with the unity of the church. The duke is very anxious to show to the world in general that he is ready to unite himself to us for the good of God's cause in this world, and for the advancement of his soul in heaven. You will consent to take part in the ceremony, I trust?"

These words produce a strange effect upon Glamour. His respect and affection for the cardinal force him to give a definite and straightforward answer to this question, and yet he feels that whatever that answer may be it will be as good as a public confession of his actual faith, and become a pledge of his future conduct given before the world to a man above the world, by which he will have to stand in all future time, whether he like it or not; yet at this moment he can no longer resist following the dictates of his heart, and he answers, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"It is the most ardent desire of my heart. I shall certainly attend that service."

And thus it happens, as it has many a time happened before, and to greater men than Glamour, that the necessity to reveal the true feelings of his heart at some critical moment of his life changed and transformed that life for ever after.

Though unspoken in so many words, his desire to become a Catholic has now been publicly expressed; his word has been given, he cannot go back.

Presently a very handsome young lady, who has been sitting in a distant corner of the room, rises, and, encouraged by a smile from the monsignore, approaches Glamour, and, in a voice full of genuine emotion, exclaims, taking the hand which he with undisguised admiration extends toward her:

"Let me be the first to congratulate you."

This young lady is no other than Miss Gwladys de Beverley, and all present begin to suspect that they will before long have to attend a wedding as well as a baptism.

Alas, no one at that moment seems to think of the mysterious heiress. Yet can Glamour have already forgotten her?

(To be continued.)

Statistics of the Army.

THE Secretary of War has sent to the House Committee on Military Affairs, by request, a statement showing the actual strength of the regular army at a stated period in each year from the beginning of the Government to the present time. It appears that the strength of the army, both officers and men, from 1789 to 1794 was about 3,500. From that time to 1812 it varied from 2,600 to 6,600; but in 1813 it increased to 19,000, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, and in the next year to 38,146. In 1815 it was 33,434. For 1816 it fell to 10,000, and in the three years following to 8,550. From 1820 to 1838 it averaged about 6,500. For 1839 it was increased to nearly 10,000, and in subsequent years to 1846, varied from 8,500 to 11,000. In 1847 it increased to 21,686, falling in the following years, until 1854, to an average of 10,500. For 1855, 15,752, and from that year to 1861 the average was 16,000. From 1862 to 1864 the usual annual returns of the army were suspended. For 1865 the strength of the army was 22,310; in 1866, 56,815; in 1868, 51,000; in 1869, 36,774; in 1870, 37,075; and from this period to 1877 it has varied between 26,000 and 29,000. For 1877 it was 24,000, and in 1878, 25,818.

Long Annuities.

THE year's public accounts show that the following annuities are payable out of Great Britain's public purse: £4,000 a year to the heirs and descendants of William Penn for ever; £1,080 to the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg; £1,200 hereditary pension to the Earl of Bath; £5,000 to the person on whom the title of Earl Nelson shall descend; £4,000 to whom the title of Duke of Marlborough shall descend; £3,000 to the representatives of Jeffery, Earl Amherst; £2,000 to the heirs male on whom the title of Viscount Exmouth shall descend; £2,000 to all and every the heirs male on whom the title of Lord Rodney shall descend; £676 hereditary pension to the Earl of Kinnoul. The following are not among the perpetual pensions, but are payable during the life of the present holder of the title mentioned and his next successor: The Duke of Wellington, £4,000 a year; Viscount Hardinge, £3,000; Viscount Combermere, £2,000; Lord Seaton, £2,000; Lord Keane, £2,000; Lord Gough, £2,000; Lord Raglan, £2,000; Lord Napier of Magdala, £2,000.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Waters in the Straits of Gibraltar at the depth of 670 fathoms is four times as salt as the surface.

A Prague Chemist has invented a mirror which reveals the contents of wine casks without removing the heads.

We are Glad to Learn that the health of Professor Hoffman, the well-known chemist, is now completely restored, and that he is again among his pupils.

The Heretofore Regarded Worthless sage barrens of Nevada are found to be excellent pastures for Cashmere goats. A single herder near Carson has a flock of three thousand.

Thirty Years Ago the profession of mining engineer was almost unknown in the United States; to-day the American Institute of Mining Engineers numbers over seven hundred members.

Dr. Tholozan, physician to the Shah of Persia, is organizing a scientific exploration of the province of Khuzistan, the southern province of Persia. The expedition will start from Bassorah on February 1st next.

Geologists having reported that there is in Japan enough workable coal to produce a yearly yield equal to that in Great Britain for 1,000 years, the Japanese Government have agreed to grant a loan of \$1,500,000 for the purpose of working them.

The Question of "reserves" for the aborigines having been recently raised in the Queensland Legislature, it has been recommended that the system of the Durundur reserve should be extended, as there are many other places where it might be advantageously tried.

Action of Chemical Substances on Germination.—M. Heckel has been trying the action of chemical substances on the germination of seeds. Carbolic acid in extremely feeble doses arrests vegetation at once, but if this substance is removed, by evaporation or otherwise, the physiological functions are again revived. On the other hand, salicylic acid and the salicylate of soda kill the grains outright. The author finds that this effect is not attended by any apparent anatomical alteration.

A New Compound of Iron and Steel.—A new composition of iron and steel is described in the *Revue Industrielle*. A cast-iron mold is divided into two sections by means of a transverse plate of thin sheet iron. The two metals are then poured into the respective compartments. The sheet-iron partition prevents the mixing of the metals, and facilitates the welding by itself being brought into a state of fusion. It is said that the product is well adapted for safes, and that it resists drills.

The Ocarina.—This is the name of a musical instrument which can be learned in half an hour—such, at least, is the averment made by its introducer to the English public, Mr. Barr, the music publisher, Queen Victoria Street, London; and the instrument looks so simple and innocent, if somewhat uncouth, that the averment may be true. In appearance it may be classed with the singed cat or ugly duck, but the thing, properly manipulated, discourses most dulcet music of a voice-like (not human) quality. It has a complete chromatic scale from the lower B to the upper E, and can be used, irrespective of key, with any other instrument, notably the piano. Amateurs have taken to the "Ocarina" very kindly, and the only fear is that it may suffer in reputation from its popularity and the facility with which it can be learned.

Increased Manufacture of Soda Ash.—The importation of pyrites into England in 1862 was only 43,017 tons, to which must be added pyrites from Ireland and Cornwall, then extensively used and amounting to 29,783 tons, making the consumption 72,800 tons, whereas in 1877 the importation was 189,757 tons, and, after allowing for the manure trade, etc., it leaves a total consumption of 139,000 tons for alkali works, as against 72,800 tons at the former period named. And again, the consumption of the salt, which in 1862 was 90,000 tons, is now, 92,500 tons, showing in these two articles, which constitute the largest raw materials used, an increase of double the former consumption. The production of alkali in 1862 was 203,000 tons, with an employed capital of £2,000,000, and in 1876 it was 430,000 tons, employing a capital of £7,000,000.

A Mineralogical Phenomenon.—Professor Nordenfalk, previous to embarking on his voyage of exploration to the Siberian Arctic Ocean, transmitted to Professor Daubree, of Paris, some specimens of a mineral made up of the most astonishing constituents—a sort of "happy family" among stones—to which, in the amazement produced by its discovery, the name *thaumasite* (from the Greek "astonishing") has been given. The mineral in question was found in the mines of Gustav and Carlberg, and has been known for a hundred years, but has always been overlooked. Careful analyses made of specimens selected from different deposits show that the mineral contains at the same time silicic acid, carbonic acid, and sulphuric acid, combined with water and lime. The formula proves it to be a silicate, sulphate, and carbonate of lime, with fourteen per cent. water. The microscope reveals a perfect homogeneity of composition and not a mechanical mixture. The Swedish chemist suggests the probability of its occurrence in other mines, and finds in the mineral rock formations which have hitherto appeared to be inexplicable.

Further Researches on Gallium.—No new sources of this rare metal have been discovered and its occurrence is still confined to the zinc blende of the Pyrenees. The metal has been recently very carefully studied, and its leading properties have been established. In its appearance it manifests a general resemblance to lead, but is not so blue-tinted or quite so soft, though it is readily malleable, flexible, and capable of being cut with a knife. Like lead again, and unlike zinc, gallium is not an easily volatile metal. Unlike lead, however, it acquires only a very slight tarnish on exposure to moist air, and undergoes scarcely any calcination at a red heat. The specific gravity of gallium is a little under 6, that of aluminum being 2.6, that of zinc 7.1, and that of lead 11.4. A most remarkable property of gallium is its low melting point. It liquefies completely at 86° Fahrenheit, or below the heat of the hand; and, still more curiously, when once melted at this temperature, it may be cooled down even to the freezing point of water without solidifying, and may be kept unchanged in the liquid state for months. Indeed, in the original communication of its discovery to the French Academy, it was described as a new liquid metal similar to mercury; but on touching with a fragment of solid gallium a portion of the liquid metal it at once solidifies. Unlike lead, again, gallium is a highly crystalline metal, its form being that of a square octahedron. In its chemical habitudes the rare element gallium shows the greatest analogy to the abundant element aluminum. In particular, it forms a sort of alum, not to be distinguished in its appearance from ordinary alum, but containing oxide of gallium instead of oxide of aluminum or alumina. This would seem to indicate that gallium yielded a sesqui-oxide, the same as aluminum. The therapeutic properties of this alum have not been studied, nor does it appear whether the oxide of the new metal could be used as a mordant or could replace alumina in other chemical compounds. The extreme scarcity of material stands in the way of a full knowledge of the element, and as long as this scarcity continues its possible applications in the arts can have very little interest. Should it be found somewhere in large quantities we may then expect to hear of its application to some useful purpose.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE fashion in England, set by Lord Harrington, is for afternoon marriages.

SENATOR BURNSIDE is said to give more entertainments than any other Senator in Washington.

THUS far \$3,186.58 has been contributed for the benefit of the family of the late John Wilton Barron, the murdered cashier. It is a small amount for such heroism.

THE two oldest Unitarian clergymen in the country are the Rev. Calvin Lincoln, of Hingham, Mass., and the Rev. Increase Sumner Lincoln, of Wilton, N. H., who were ordained in 1824.

THE venerable Albert Pike is now engaged in organizing the "Knights of the Cactus," to be composed of the veterans of the Mexican War, and the Order to descend to their male children.

THE Empress Eugenie is described as leading the quietest and most monotonous of lives at Chislehurst. She is still handsome, her beautiful golden hair shining royally above her plain black dress.

IT is said that on January 28th last Prince Joachim Murat and M. Rouher went to the Palais de l'Industrie, where Prince Murat drew the number 307 in the name of the Prince Imperial, who is therefore liable to be called upon to serve in the army.

PRINCE DONDUKOFF-KORRAKOFF is carefully selecting a number of youths belonging to the best families in Eastern Roumelia to be sent to the New Military College he has recently opened at Sophia. As many as two hundred will undergo military training at the Bulgarian capital.

MR. CASSIUS M. CLAY has just given the Kentucky Historical Society the oil portraits of Alexander II. of Russia and his wife, painted by Winterhalter. He has also presented to the society more than three hundred rare and valuable objects, including many desirable autograph letters.

THE Marquis of Lorne shakes hands heartily and makes himself extremely agreeable to his visitors. The Princess goes about doing her own shopping, and it is said dresses so plainly that she has met with some impertinence from the tradespeople who did not recognize royalty in that simple guise.

TWO ENGLISH ladies have received the Cross of St. Elizabeth at Bucharest, for their aid and services during the late war. One is Mrs. Mansfield, wife of the (late) Consul General, the other, Mrs. Mawer, wife of the English physician, the latter lady, aided by subscriptions, having started and maintained a small hospital.

MISS MORGAN, of this city; Miss Burlingame, daughter of the former Minister to China; and Miss Neal, daughter of the artist, are said to be the possessors of three of the charming faces to be seen in Mr. Rosenthal's picture of the "Seminary Alarmed"—a picture which is becoming familiar through photographs and engravings.

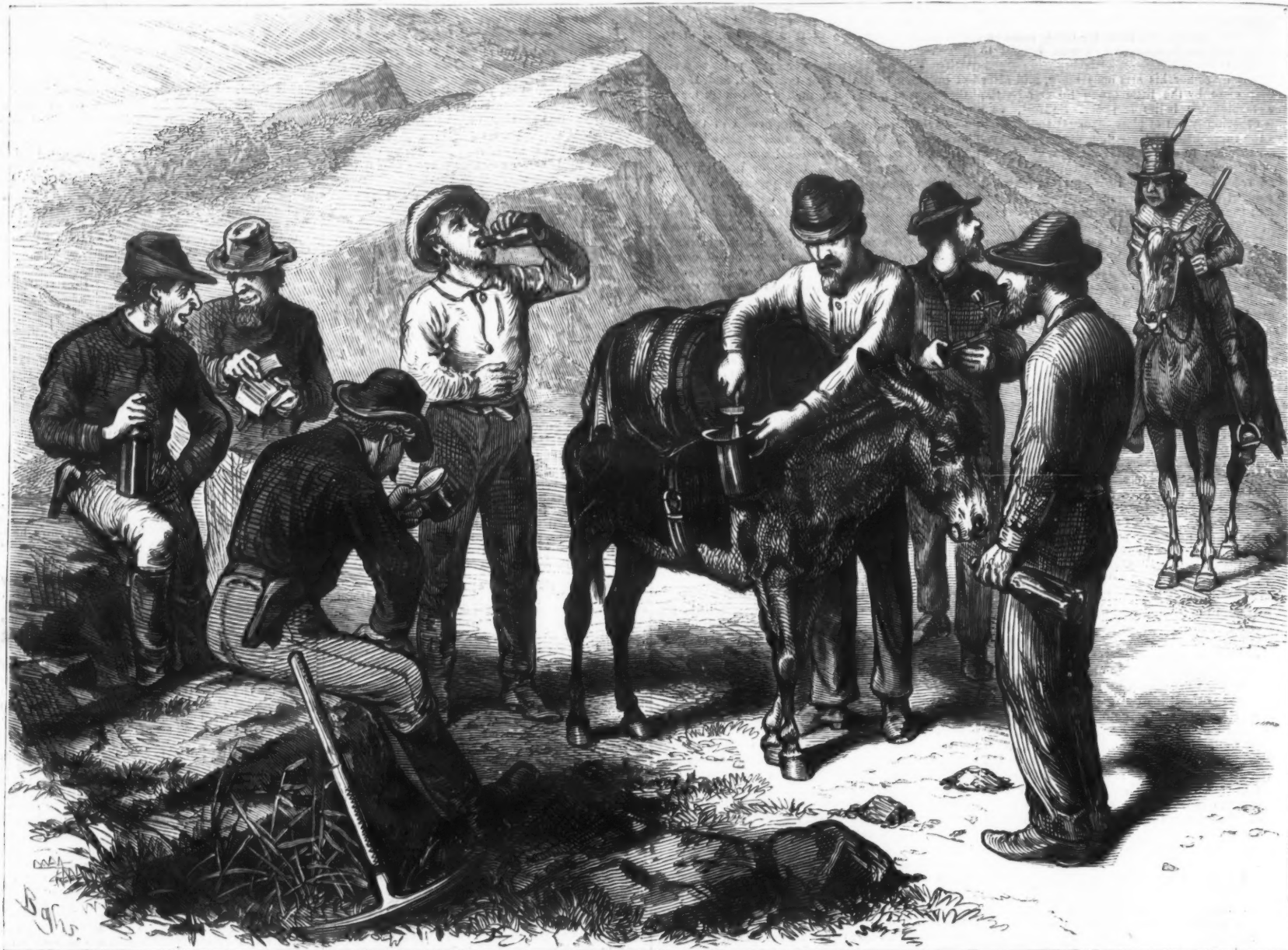
JUDGE HENRY G. SMITH, of Memphis, Tenn., who died a few days ago, is described as a man of singular bravery, as is illustrated by the story of one of his cases tried years ago in Tennessee. He was to prosecute a man for murder. Friends of the murderer let it be known that they would kill whosoever appeared as prosecutor. Mr. Smith began the trial by producing two pistols, which he kept by him until the man was convicted. He was a staunch Union man during the war.

THERE are some lively old colts in the Virginia Legislature. Mr. Reuben N. Harrison, delegate from Rockingham, a few days since was playing with some children in the dining-room of the Valentine House, when he jumped up to crack his heels together. He was standing under the gas burner, and, as he shot upward, his head went against the burner, the sharp point of which entered the top of his head, making a very painful wound. Mr. Harrison is about seventy years of age.

WILKINSON CALL, Democrat, the new United States Senator from Florida, was born in Virginia, but came to Florida in early life. His mother was a pronounced Unionist, and was opposed to taking the State out of the Union, though her son served in the Confederate service in this State. He was one of the early and steadfast Whigs who supported the Bell and Everett electoral ticket in 1856, as against the Breckenridge ticket. He was elected United States Senator under the reconstruction policy of President Johnson, but was not admitted to a seat. Returning to the State, he resumed the practice of his profession, that of law, which he has followed since.

GEORGE G. VEST, who has been elected United States Senator from Missouri for the term ending in 1885, is a native of Kentucky, and is about forty-five years old. He is a lawyer of some note, having been solicitor of the Missouri Pacific Railroad for several years. He first became prominent in Missouri as a leader of the Secessionists in 1861. His active exertions and speeches did much to stimulate the movement which sent many thousand Missourians into the Confederate army. As a speaker he is ornate, and is brilliant rather than solid. The charm of his speeches is lost when the echo of his words has died away. In 1861 he was elected to the Confederate House, but in 1864 he was transferred to the Senate. He was conspicuous in both Houses, and since the war has been the acknowledged leader of what is still known in Missouri as the Confederate element. Mr. Vest advocates the issue of \$1,000,000,000 in greenbacks and the abolition of the national banks.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, who has been elected by the Missouri Legislature to the United States Senate for the term ending next March, was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810, and came to this country when about sixteen years of age. After receiving a good education he settled at Kaskaskia, Ill., where he opened a law office. Since then he has been a member of the Illinois Legislature (1836), Auditor of the State (1839), a Judge of the State Supreme Court (1843), Commissioner of the General Land Office (1845-47), a United States Senator from Illinois (1849 to 1855), and from Minnesota (1856 to 1859), and Adjutant-General of Missouri (1877). In 1846 General Shields was appointed by President Polk as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and served with distinction throughout the Mexican War, receiving severe wounds at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec. He received the rank of brevet major-general in 1848, when he was mustered out of service. He removed to Minnesota after his term as Senator from Illinois, and after serving Minnesota in the Senate he went to California. He entered the Union Army in 1861 as a brigadier-general, and commanded a division in Banks' army in the Shenandoah Valley, where he gained the battle of Winchester, March 23d, 1862. On the previous day he received a severe wound in a skirmish. During the past few years General Shields has been a resident of Missouri. Efforts to elect him as Doorkeeper of the House, in Washington, in 1878, and to have him placed on the retired list of the army, failed, but his pension was increased to \$100 a month. The vacancy to which he has been elected was caused by the death of Lewis V. Boggy (Democrat), in 1877, and has been filled since then by David H. Armstrong (Democrat), who was appointed by the Governor. General Shields has always been a Democrat.

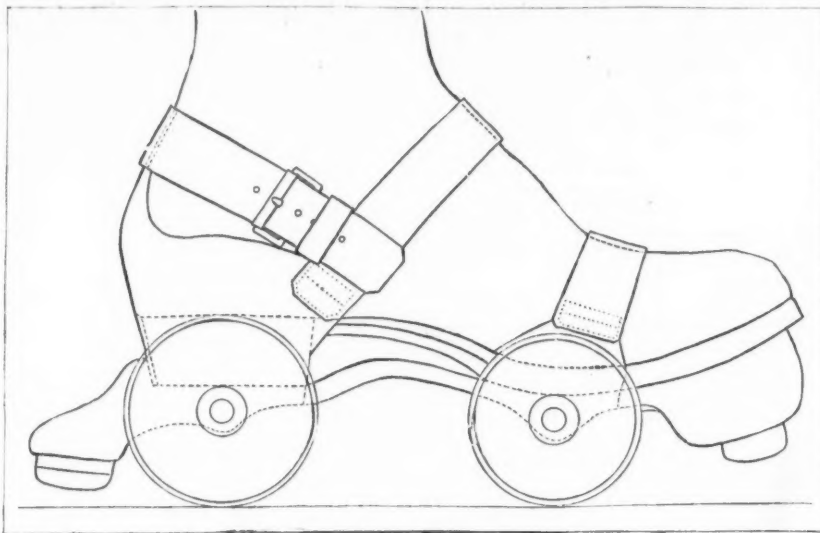


COLORADO.—A PERIPATETIC BARROOM, NEAR THE LEADVILLE MINES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE 418.

THE PEDOMOTOR.

THE LATEST INVENTION IN PEDESTRIANISM.

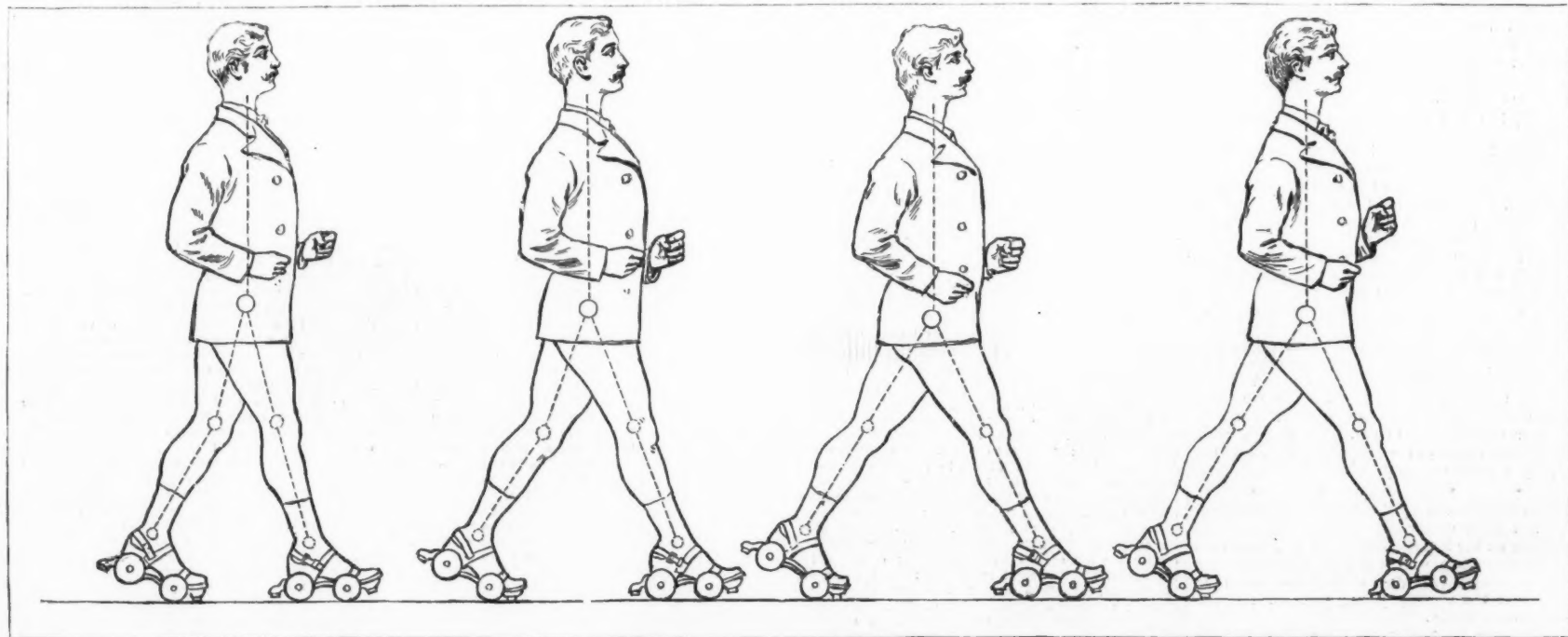
AN invention which promises to be of great practical utility is just now attracting attention in Philadelphia, where the inventor, Mr. J. H. Hobbs, a well-known architect, resides. It is known as the pedomotor, and is designed for the use of pedestrians, who can attain by it a speed of ten or twelve miles an hour with entire ease. The pedomotor consists of four tough, light wooden wheels, supplied with an outer rim of tough india-rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller-skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are placed on each side of the foot, thus giving the wearer a good standing as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are three inches in diameter, while those in front are but two and half inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl towards the ground, is a piece of casting termed the pusher, which is simply used in mounting the elevation or steep incline. From the centre of the heel a small brass wheel extends backward, serving as a guide as well as a brake. The whole scarcely turns the scale at a pound weight. In using them no more effort is required than in ordinary walking. The wearer steps with his regular stride, and is amazed to find himself skimming over the ground so rapidly with so little muscular effort.



THE PEDOMOTOR ADJUSTED FOR USE.

In the diagrams four forms are shown in the act of taking a step. In Fig. 1 the action is for a 20-inch step, or a slow pacing motion. Fig. 2 is a slow, ordinary walk with a stride of twenty-five inches. Fig. 3 is a rapid 30-inch step. Fig. 4 is a 30-inch step, taking the heel, which prevents the movement forward upon the wheels and retards the motion to an ordinary walk. It will be readily observed that a figure taking the weight upon the wheels in the position of Fig. 1, the centre of gravity being behind the wheels, the latter will run forward and distribute weight in a forward motion with equal distance to the velocity of the motion minus the friction upon the journals—the hind foot acting as a propeller to keep the body in equal forward motion. Any push beyond this immediately causes an increased forward movement. In Figs. 2 and 3 the precise principle is carried out with greater and more rapid motion. Fig. 4 represents the figure in checking the rolling motion, which admits of the immediate halt as in walking. By raising upon the front wheels the body can be turned around with the most rapid motion. Any change of direction can be made gracefully and safely. Less side room is required than in ordinary walking; six inches is sufficient width of pave; one can also walk in much straighter lines. The pedomotors can be made use of upon clay roads, grass, brick or stone pavements; they can be used safely going up or down stairs, crossing streets, etc.; taking each flag as a step, the wearer can ascend and descend the curb without checking his motion.

A pedestrian, using the same exertion as a pro-



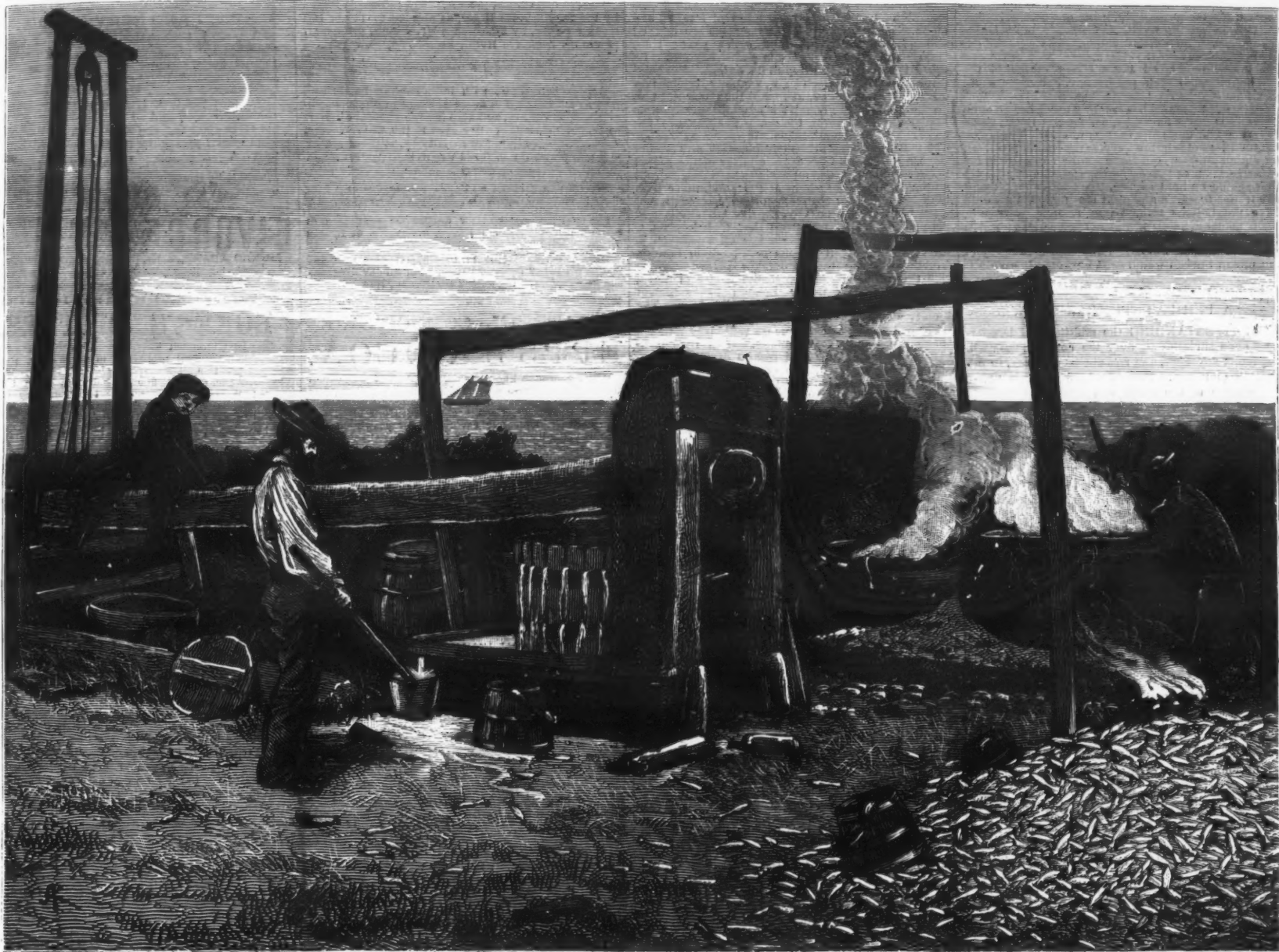
Twenty-inch step.

Twenty-five-inch step.

Thirty-inch step.

Thirty-inch step, using the heel brake.

THE PEDOMOTOR.—DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE MOTION IN WALKING BY FOUR DIFFERENT STEPS, BY WHICH A SPEED OF TWELVE MILES AN HOUR CAN BE ATTAINED.



LONG ISLAND.—THE MENHADEN FISHERIES.—BOILING AND PRESSING THE FISH FOR OIL AND GUANO, AT ORIENT.—SEE PAGE 418.

professional walker, would travel over twelve miles an hour. The lightness obtained by the weight being distributed on the forward motion is very sensible to the walker, when we consider the fact that a man taking a three-foot step, walking four miles per hour, must necessarily travel a fraction less than six feet each second, and, should he double that motion to twelve feet per second, the rapidity of the forward motion would very materially change

the downward weight. Experiments in this may be understood by the ricochet stone skipping over the water, or a heavy ball rolled rapidly over the ice, or the same principle may be discovered in the motion of the gyroscope. The motion differs entirely from the skate. It is simply a forward motion; its effect is to relieve the tiresome jar of the foot on the ground, so that the same amount of walking may be done with the pedomotor with a

minimum amount of fatigue. The newspaper carrier who serves papers to the attendants in the Permanent Exhibition Building in Philadelphia goes his rounds at the rate of twelve miles an hour by the use of one of these vehicles.

"OTTO," SON OF THE NEZ PERCES INDIAN CHIEF.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Indian Commissioners at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and in the presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen, Colonel C. E. S. MacDonald, the well-known Indian military instructor, introduced Otto, son of Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés tribe. The young Indian was attired in grand costume, and, when stripped for action, was conceded to be by the whole assemblage the finest specimen of Indian beauty that they had ever seen, although representatives from every part of the country had been before them. The boy is built like a gladiator, and, although but twelve years of age, seemed a man in proportion.

In going through his military exercises, the physical endurance displayed was marvelous. The applause was constant, and the party seemed deeply moved. This episode was followed by a reiteration of Colonel MacDonald's project for the employment of the Indians which he has been urging upon the Government for many years. It may be remembered that some time ago an official circular was sent to several of the most experienced army officers acquainted with Indian life asking their opinion on the possibility of organizing and drilling the Indians up to the standard of the regular army. The replies indicated that the project was not feasible. Hearing of this decision, Colonel MacDonald determined to try the experiment at his own expense. He proceeded immediately to collect

a body of Indians, representing the principal tribes both of British and American Indians, and began drilling them, to prove, as he said, that when properly organized and trained the Indians would prove better material for warlike purposes for the United States than the Algerians did for France or the Sepoys for England. The first public performance of this singular regiment confirmed his impressions. The Indians moved with almost lightning rapidity, their natural indolence was overcome, and had they been otherwise attired they would have been considered representatives of some first-class National Guard organization. Colonel MacDonald, in his instructions, followed in the main the course he laid out when preparing the San Francisco Cadets for their wonderfully successful tour of the United States, and soon had the Indians under such discipline that they would execute the most intricate evolutions either when blindfolded or



"OTTO," SON OF THE NEZ PERCÉS CHIEF JOSEPH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY AND BULFON.



HON. HENRY M. HOYT, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LE RUX LEMER.—SEE PAGE 418.

in utter darkness. The press liberally applauded his efforts; but the authorities, many of whom privately acknowledged the worth and practicability of his scheme, took no official action. The detachment of his first regiment that the colonel took to Europe absolutely astonished the military critics of the leading cities for their proficiency, correctness and discipline.

Colonel MacDonald has recently published an open letter to General Sherman, asking him in the name of justice and humanity that an opportunity may be afforded for solving the perplexing Indian problem, by a plan under which there will be no occasion for extermination or the continual violation of treaties that should be held sacred. Instead of employing our troops to guard and fight the Indians, he would have the Indians trained into regular army life. Their nomadic habits would be checked, they would become more independent, there would be no occasion for frontier wars, and the vast machinery of the Indian Bureau would soon become useless.

A PERIPATETIC BARROOM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of temperance societies all over the country, men will do almost anything, and run almost any risk, to get a drink of liquor. Miners, whose labor is under the surface of the earth, can readily be excused if the craving for a stimulating drink is often so strong as to compel them to violate rules made for their guidance, and to part with a good portion of the money which they earn so hardily. The scene depicted in our illustration is one which occurred at Leadville, Colorado, but it is doubtless familiar enough at other mines as well. The donkey bearing the two kegs of whisky forms a sort of peripatetic barroom, and the proprietor of the establishment is the barkeeper. The miners, who have been duly informed of the arrival of the liquor-merchant, eagerly gather around, anxious to part with their money and receive in exchange the fiery liquid dispensed by the donkey-owner. At the rate at which he seems to be serving it out, it is probable that his two kegs will soon be exhausted, and that he will have to depart for a fresh supply.

The solitary Indian on horseback looks longingly at the group of miners imbibing their favorite drink, but it would probably be dangerous for him to attempt to put his wishes into deed, for the revolvers of these rough and ready toilers are always at hand, and it does not take much to provoke their use. It is certain that that Indian will not get any of that whisky.

THE MENHADEN FISHERIES ON LONG ISLAND.

THE Menhaden, or mossbunker, fisheries form a very important industry along the shore from Maine to New Jersey, and particularly on the coast of Long Island, where the peculiar American fish is caught and treated for the purpose of securing the oil from the body, and the rich guano from the pressed remains. The fish frequent salt-water only, swimming in vast numbers near the surface, and are representatives of the herring family. They are caught both near the shore and at points thirty miles seaward. The process of treatment is very simple, such as the people who live along the shores can readily devise, the apparatus consisting of kettles for boiling the fish, and a press for squeezing out the oil. After the extraction of the oil, which is used largely in dressing leather, the refuse is easily converted into a fertilizing agent. As a single fish is considered equal in richness to a shovelful of barnyard manure, an idea may be formed of the value of this enterprise, especially when it is known that in a single year 36,299 tons of guano have been secured, besides 2,214,800 gallons of oil. On the coast of New York and New England there were sixty-two factories in operation in 1873, employing 2,306 men on shore and at sea, and representing a capital of over \$2,000,000. In addition to this organized handling of the fish, there are countless points along the coast like the one shown in our engraving, where settlers carry on the business "on their own account."

GOVERNOR H. M. HOYT.

COLONEL HENRY MARTYN HOYT, inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania on January 21st, was born in Lucerne County, Pennsylvania, in 1830. He studied law at Wilkesbarre under Chief Justice George W. Woodward, and obtained a large legal practice in the western part of the State. In 1861 he was active in raising the Fifty-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel by Governor Curtin. He was in General Naglee's brigade during the Peninsula campaign of 1862. He participated, under General Gilmore, in the siege operations conducted on Morris Island against Fort Wagner and Fort Sumter. In the Summer of 1864 a night attack was organized by General Foster against Fort Johnston, in Charlestown Harbor, where he was taken prisoner. After being confined at Macon, Colonel Hoyt was brought back with six hundred other officers to Charleston jail. While on the way from Macon to Charleston he escaped from the cars with four other Union officers. After several days and nights of fruitless efforts for liberty, they were recaptured by the enemy, with the aid of bloodhounds, and placed in the Charleston jail. Upon being exchanged, Colonel Hoyt rejoined his regiment and remained with it until near the close of the war. He was promoted to colonel on January 9th, 1864, and was mustered out of the service on November 5th, 1864. On March 13th, 1865, he was brevetted brigadier-general. During the year 1867, under an appointment from the late Governor Geary, he discharged the duties of additional law judge of the Eleventh District. In 1875 and 1876 Colonel Hoyt was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, displaying in the successful campaigns of that year marked ability as a political leader. He was also one of the delegates at large from Pennsylvania to the Republican National Convention of 1876 at Cincinnati.

Some London Facts.

LONDON (with all its suburbs) covers within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles. It numbers within these boundaries over 4,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more country-born inhabitants than the counties of Devon and Gloucester combined, or thirty-seven per cent. of its entire population. Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death. Within the circle named there are added to

the population 205 persons every day, and 75,000 annually. London has 7,000 miles of streets, and on an average 28 miles of new streets are opened and 9,000 new houses built every year; 1,000 vessels and 9,000 sailors are in port every day. Its crime is also in proportion to its extent. Seventy-three thousand persons are annually taken into custody by the police, and more than one-third of all the crime in the country is committed within its borders. Thirty-eight thousand persons are annually committed for drunkenness by its magistrates. The metropolis comprises considerably upwards of 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. Its beershops and gin-palaces are so numerous that their frontages, if placed side by side, would stretch a distance of sixty-two miles. If all the dwellings in London could thus have their frontages placed side by side they would extend beyond the city of York, a distance of 172 miles. London has sufficient paupers to occupy every house in Brighton. The society which advocates the cessation of Sunday labor will be astonished to learn that sixty miles of shops are open every Sunday. With regard to churches and chapels, the Bishop of London, examined before a committee of the House of Lords in the year 1840, said: "If you proceed a mile or two eastward of St. Paul's, you will find yourself in the midst of a population the most wretched and destitute of mankind, consisting of artificers, laborers, beggars and thieves, to the amount of 300,000 or 400,000 souls. Throughout this entire quarter there is not more than one church for every 10,000 inhabitants, and in two districts there is but one church for 45,000 souls."

FUN.

A LONE association—An old maids' club.

GOOD scenter-piece for the dinner-table—A bowl of flowers.

WHICH is the best of the four seasons for arithmetic?—The Summer.

PEOPLE that are invariably known by the company they keep—Theatrical managers.

I WAS an amused witness of a little scene in one of the law courts the other day which illustrates the reverence of the junior branch of the profession for the senior. Enter two attorneys' clerks, decidedly seedy in appearance. First Clerk (to companion): "Confound it! Where's my man? Can't see 'im anywhere?" Second Clerk: "Oo's your man?" First Clerk: "The Attorney-General, confound 'im!"

JOHN DOLLAR, of Birmingham, showed his lack of cents by getting drunk and falling into the hands of the police.—*Birmingham News*. When taken to the police-station the magistrate addressed him, "Dollar, this is ten times you've been before me, and I'm now obliged to provide you with new quarters, or impose a fine of ten of your last name." Dollar, not being worth ninety-two cents, went up for ten days.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE following examination of a candidate for admission to the bar is taken from the *Western Law Journal*. The examination commenced with, "Do you smoke, sir?" "I do, sir." "Have you a spare cigar?" "Yes, sir." "Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?" "To collect fees." "Right. What is the second?" "To increase the number of his clients." "When does your position towards your client change?" "When making a bill of costs." "Explain." "We are then antagonistic. I assume the character of plaintiff, and he becomes the defendant." "A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?" "Cheek by jowl." "Enough, sir; you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now are you aware of the duty you owe to me?" "Perfectly." "Describe it." "It is to invite you to drink." "But suppose I decline?" Candidate scratches his head. "There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I can't answer the question." "You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows you have read the law attentively. Let's take the drink, and I will sign your certificate."

A SICK SENATOR.

THE excessive corpulence of a certain United States Senator has long been the butt of editorial wit and spicy *don mots* from the pens of Washington correspondents. Few persons have suspected that his obesity was a disease, and liable to prove fatal. Yet this is the sad fact. Excessive fatness is not only a disease in itself, but one liable to generate other and more serious ones. Chemistry has at last revealed a safe, sure, and reliable remedy for this abnormal condition of the system in Allan's Anti-Fat. Distinguished chemists have pronounced it not only harmless but very beneficial to the system, while remedying the diseased condition. Sold by druggists.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE.

Too MANY of the great life insurance companies blind the eyes of insurers with their enormous assets until they forget that the true test of the solvency of a company is its ratio of assets to liabilities. A company with a hundred millions of assets and ninety millions of liabilities has a surplus of ten millions, but it is no safer than a company with a surplus of only one million, provided that company has only nine millions of liabilities. The Penn Mutual, whose statement appears in another column, has \$125 for every \$100 of liabilities—a ratio that is reached by only one other company in the country. Add to this the fact that these assets are invested in United States bonds and local securities on which the company could realize their full value at the shortest notice, and it will be seen that the company has every reason to command the fullest confidence of the community. It is ably and economically managed, as the steady increase of its assets shows. The total is now \$6,632,594, the increase during the year being \$320,000.

A WONDERFUL MUSICAL NOVELTY.

THE Phonographic Cornet; any tune played without any knowledge of music; took the prize at the Paris Exposition.

LOW-PRICED WATCHES in many cases are found to be very useful; for instance, a lady or gentleman who contemplate traveling will find it safer to leave their fine watches at home and invest a few dollars in a cheap but good timekeeper. There is no place in the city where you can procure one of these watches or any piece of jewelry that will give you better satisfaction than at the Collins Gold Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway (up-stairs), corner of Worth Street. Every watch is fully guaranteed or time for one year.

LADIES can obtain the engraved fan cards issued by the St. Nicholas Hotel, as alluded to in our last week's paper, by addressing Mr. Welch, proprietor of the St. Nicholas Hotel, Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL limbs with india-rubber hands and feet are highly popular on account of their simplicity and durability, and also for the natural appearance and movement they give to the wearer. Mr. A. A. Marks, of No. 575 Broadway, is the inventor and manufacturer of these useful substitutes.

Stuttering cured by BATES' APPLIANCE. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., Box 2,236, New York.

Easy Shoes.—Superior quality for gentlemen at reduced prices. EUGENE FERRIS & Son, No. 81 Nassau Street. West Side.

Keep your Bird in health and song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage-dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., New York.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, labeled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$810,000 Drawn Every 17 Days.
1 Prize of.....\$200,000
1 Prize of.....50,000
1 Prize of.....25,000
2 Prizes of \$10,000.....20,000
10 Prizes of \$5,000 each.....50,000
124 Prizes of \$1,000 each.....124,000
682 Prizes of \$500 each.....341,000

821 Prizes, amounting to (Spanish).....\$810,000
PRIZE IN CURRENCY.
Wholes. Halves. Quarters. Fifths.
\$40. \$20. \$10. \$8.
Eighths. Tenths. Twentieths. Fortieths.
\$5. \$2. \$1. \$1.
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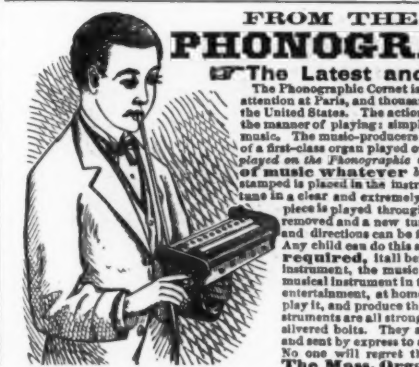
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On the 2d day of July, 1877, Capt. Gardiner had his policies changed to the form now used by the Company, which gives the benefit of the Maine Non-Forfeiture Law.

On the 11th day of September, 1877, he sailed from Boston as master of the good ship "Iceland," on a voyage to Calcutta. The ship and all on board were lost at sea. The premiums due July 27th, 1887, and August 3d, 1877, were not paid, and by the terms of the original policies this would have worked a forfeiture of the entire insurance; but under the new policies which had been gratuitously offered by the Company, the insurance would have been continued in force more than three years, or until November, 1880, notwithstanding the non-payment of the premiums due in 1877; and the fact of the death being established to the satisfaction of the Company, the full amount of the policies was paid on the 29th day of October, 1878.

Results of Three Annual Premiums Paid on a Thousand-Dollar Policy Issued at Age of 30.	
\$68.10 on the ordinary Life Plan secures 5 years' and 212 days' insurance.	
\$108 on 20-Payment Life Plan secures 7 years' and 220 days' insurance.	
\$107.10 on 15-Payment Life Plan secures 9 years' and 48 days' insurance.	
\$140.91 on 10-Payment Life Plan secures 12 years' and 183 days' insurance.	
\$134.74 on 10-Year Endowment secures 10 years' insurance and \$138.13 in cash at age 40.	
\$200.41 on 15-Year Endowment secures 15 years' insurance and \$39.50 in cash at age 45.	
\$145.50 on 20-Year Endowment secures 12 years' and 332 days' insurance.	
\$114.48 on 25-Year Endowment secures 9 years' and 219 days' insurance.	
\$83.34 on 30-Year Endowment secures 7 years' and 315 days' insurance.	
\$68.28 on 35-Year Endowment secures 6 years' and 300 days' insurance.	
\$78.78 on 40-Year Endowment secures 6 years' and 74 days' insurance.	
\$134 on 45-Year Endowment secures 5 years' and 310 days' insurance.	
\$68.21 on 50-Year Endowment secures 5 years' and 218 days' insurance.	
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Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE, 153 TREMONT ST., Boston, Mass.
JOHN E. DEWITT.....President.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1, 1878..... \$6,018,470.61

RECEIPTS.

Premium receipts.....\$1,144,068.53
Interest receipts, etc.....333,964.11 1,498,032.64
Total.....\$7,516,503.25

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses and endowments.....\$490,416.29
Dividends to policy-holders.....221,380.97
Lapsed and surrendered policies, etc.....240,941.09
Commissions, salaries, medical fees, etc.....154,746.20
Taxes, legal expenses, advertising, etc.....64,730.32 1,178,214.87

Net assets, January 1, 1879.....\$6,338,288.38

ASSETS.

U. S. 5 and 6 per cent. bonds, Philadelphia and city loans, R. R. bonds, bank, and other stocks, worth \$2,404,083.99, cost.....\$2,309,832.68
Mortgages, first liens on properties worth \$5,725,000.....2,380,622.17
Premium notes, secured by policies.....693,492.70
Loans on collaterals, etc.....313,867.36
Real estate, owned by the Company, cost.....441,476.05
Cash on hand and in Trust Companies.....198,997.42

Net ledger assets, as above.....\$6,338,288.38

Net deferred and unreported premiums.....\$98,894.79
Interest due and accrued.....101,159.62
Market value of stocks, etc., over cost.....94,251.22 294,305.63

Gross assets, January 1, 1879.....\$6,632,594.01

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due.....\$116,628.66
Reserve, at 4 per cent., to re-insure risks.....5,477,471.00
Dividends on unreported policies, etc.....60,266.50 \$5,653,366.16
Surplus 4 per cent. basis.....979,227.85

\$6,632,594.01

Surplus at 4 1/2 per cent., Pennsylvania standard, estimated.....\$1,346,762.85
No. of policies in force.....10,731
Amount at risk.....\$29,274,597.00

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.

SAMUEL E. STOKES, H. S. STEPHENS, Vice President, 2d Vice President.

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Actuary, Secretary.

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MRS. META VICTORIA VICTOR,

Author of "The Dead Witness,"

Was commenced in

No. 713 of
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No. 713 of
No. 713 of
No. 713 of

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FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER,
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THE JANITOR'S DAUGHTER,
THE JANITOR'S DAUGHTER,
THE JANITOR'S DAUGHTER,

BY

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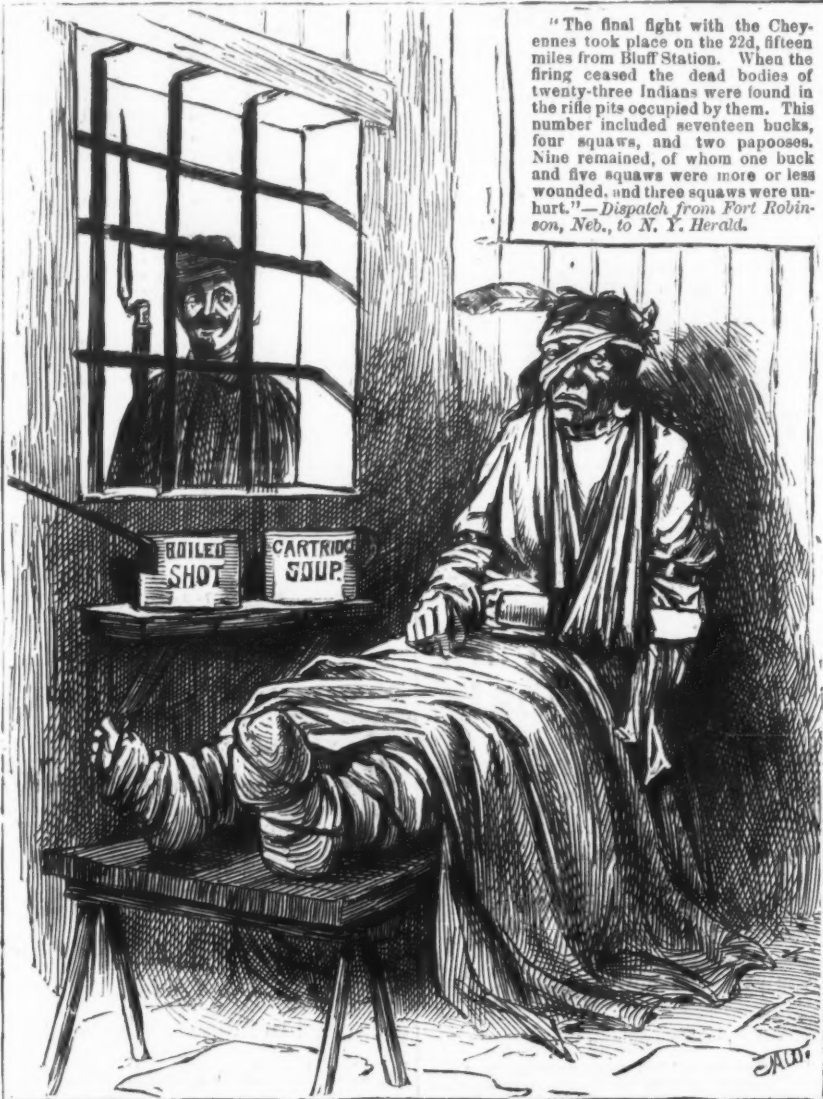
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